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NOVEMBER 19, 1968

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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MAX GELTMAN

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FALL BOOKS

Reviewed by Jeffrey Hart, Geoffrey Wagner, Theodore Sturgeon, George F. Eliot, Guy Davenport, Neal Freeman, Frank Johnson

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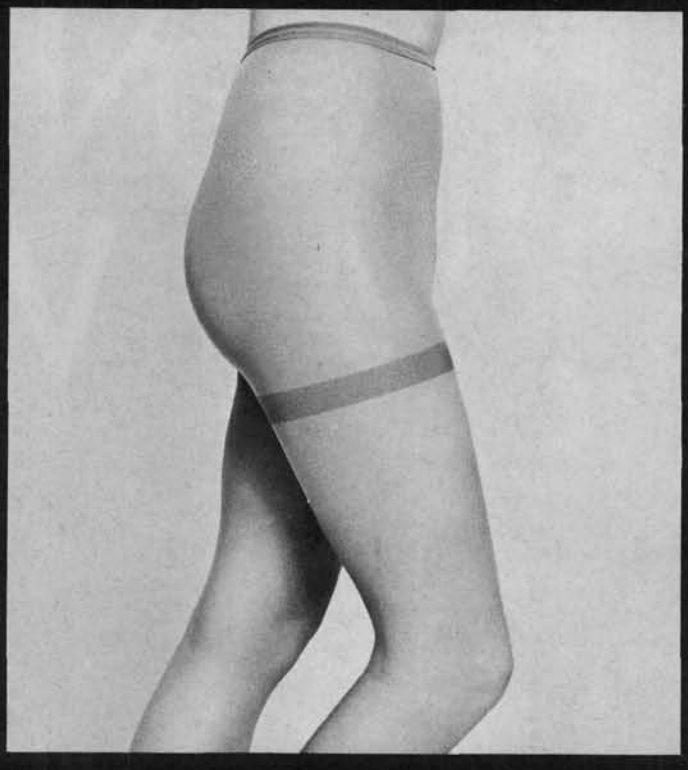

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Come along to Farmer Jones' place and meet our hero. His name is Stubby, because his ears are so long that's how the rest of him looks.

Stubby learned that he could talk while he was still a colt. But he didn't say anything about it right away. First he wanted to see what people were like, and it didn't take him long to realize that the way we run our affairs is, well, positively huminine!

You see, Stubby could think as well as talk. He was a smart Ass. Naturally he resented the way people call other people Asses if they are stupid or thickheaded, so he decided to prove to everyone just how intelligent real Asses are.

(If he also succeeds in proving how asinine some people really are, there's nothing we can do about it. – *Ed.*)

One fine day Stubby told Farmer Jones he didn't want to pull carts for a living. Farmer Jones was startled, but he saw at once that Stubby could make him rich. Word got around fast, and folks came for miles – and paid Farmer Jones – for a chance to talk to a real Ass.

At first they came for the novelty of it. But soon they came for *advice*, because what Stubby said made sense. By heeding Stubby's suggestion to charge tolls, for instance, the State was able to fix up all the roads without collecting a penny of taxes, and everybody liked *that*.

Stubby soon had his own airplane (the Assteroid I) to get around to his speaking engagements, and a girl (whom he called his Assassistant) to turn the pages for him while he read.

In all this activity, Stubby was following a plan which he revealed to no one. It was all according to plan when he signed a contract to appear on several big television programs.

First there was *Beat the Press* (you know, the one where reporters ask the guest loaded questions to show how much smarter they are than he). Stubby handled the questions so well that, for all we know, the reporters felt like Asses. For instance, Stubby was challenged to solve the farm problem. His solution *worked*.

On the next show, *Faze the Nation*, the reporters were not so uppity. In fact, when Stubby explained how to do away with inflation, they were almost awed.

By now the papers were calling him Statesman instead of Stubby. The people were very pleased with all the taxes he was saving them. They started write-in campaigns for him in all the Presidential primaries, which he won.

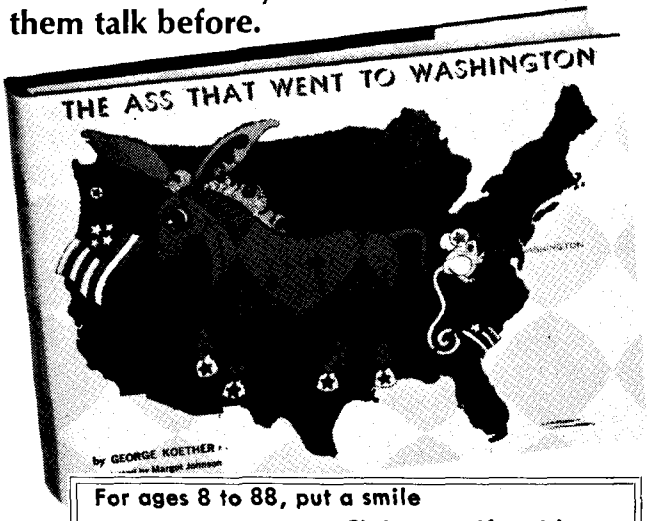
The Democrats asked him to head their ticket because, after all, the Ass was already the symbol of their party.

The Republicans asked him to head their ticket because, after all, Statesman was a smart Ass and wouldn't feel at home with the other kind in the other party.

Statesman accepted the nomination of both parties, but only on the understanding that they were accepting his ideas and not vice versa.

So it happened that for the first time, an Ass with four legs became President of the United States. A decided improvement, we think you'll find.

For instance, Statesman's Inaugural Address, far from echoing the windy rhetoric of the past ("Assk not what your country can do you you; Assk what you can do for your country."), consisted of only four sentences.



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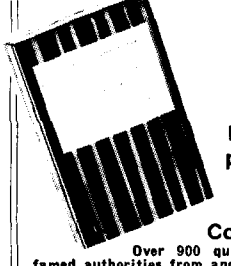

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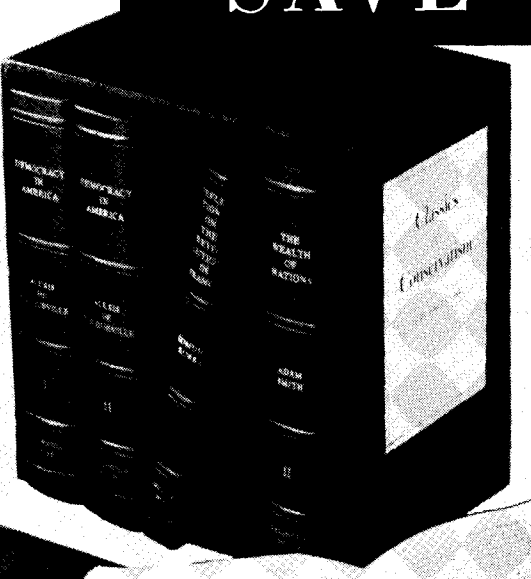

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VOL. XX NO. 46

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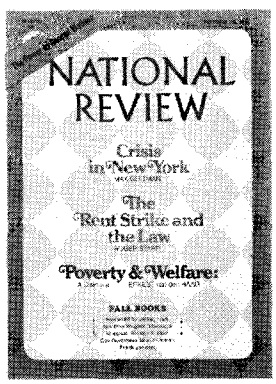
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We focus on three aspects of the urban crisis, taking the City of New York as first among depressed areas. Yes, the condition of New York is critical—its schools are a battleground, its welfare budget has expanded, this year, to a record high, and everybody, even the lowly rent-payer, is on strike. **Max Geltman**, city-born and -bred, ponders the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district mess and concludes that unless the mandate to decentralize is made workably clear to all parties, there'll be worse to come. . . . **Ernest van den Haag**, the noted social psychologist, reviews residency requirements in the first of two dialogues on welfare. Professor van den Haag, a conservative, claims to have discovered an undogmatic liberal to dialogue with. Well, the bigger they come the harder they fall. . . . And then, city-subsidized housing and its incubus, the rent strike: a complete report from **Roger Starr**, Executive Director of the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council of New York, Inc. . . . In London, the sponsors of the October 27 Day of Confrontation labored and brought forth a mousy rabble. **Anthony Lejeune** covered the scene, with trepidation, but reports the triumph of good old British phlegm. . . . And another Londoner, **Alec Waugh**, feels right at home on the Potomac. In fact, more so than on the Thames.



■ This is our Fall Book Number, and Professor (of English) **Jeffrey Hart** leads off with an astonishing item by a California seer who foresees the glad day when Western culture relinquishes its tyrannical grip on the mind of man and we're all out on the beach tossing Frisbees for the sheer joy of it all. (That's a kind of plastic discus, see, and you throw it.) . . . **Guy Davenport** wonders what the Russians would make of James Gould Cozzens. As for what we of the West make of Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*, there's no doubt. . . . Military expert **George Fielding Eliot** finds a valuable lesson for modern commanders-in-chief in Field Marshal Montgomery's book about warfare. . . . **Geoffrey Wagner** takes on the McLuhan industry. Mr. Wagner's novel, *Sounds of Valor*, was published last year by Knopf. . . . **Neal B. Freeman**, of King Features, refuels an old passion for the journalism of Arthur Krock. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon**'s classic science-fiction novel, *More Than Human*, is being turned into a screenplay, by the author. . . . **Frank J. Johnson**, of the American Security Council, gets some friction from two conflicting views of U.S. policy in Latin America.

■ And there's been an election. Owing to deadline exigencies, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**'s commentary appears, this issue, in The Week.

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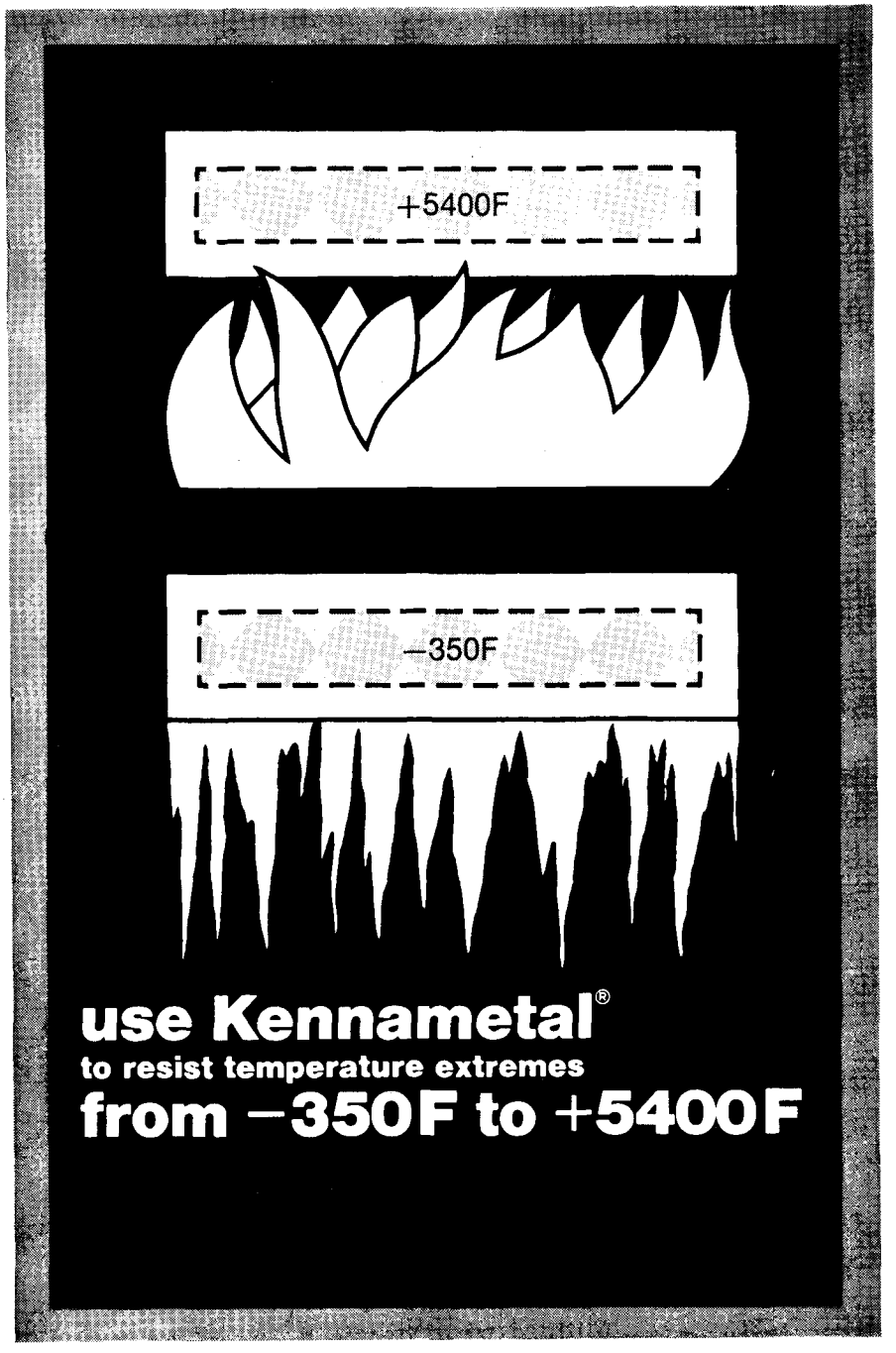

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LETTERS

History as Propaganda

It is not my intention in this letter to discuss the arguments presented in the article on Black Power in the NATIONAL REVIEW of October 8. Rather, I simply want to correct a few misstatements of fact in the article itself and in the brief biographical sketch of its author, the latter presumably based upon information which he supplied.

Mr. (*not* "Professor Brudnoy to you, Baby") David Brudnoy, formerly of Northeastern University, did indeed teach in our History Department. But, although he did lecture during the second half of the course, it is not correct to say that he "introduced" a course on Negro history at Northeastern University, as you claim on page 985. The course was "introduced" by Black students who urged that a course on Afro-American history be taught and by the chairman of the Department who agreed that the demand was a reasonable one. Since the course resulted from Black Power, I wonder whether, by teaching even a portion of it, Mr. Brudnoy may not have joined those "guilty faculty members" whom he attacks so bitterly "who couldn't spot an illogicality if they ran into one."

There were also a few errors in the article itself. The Boston University students did not present a "shrieked demand" that their School of Theology be renamed in memory of Martin Luther King Jr. Rather, they *proposed* that the *building* which houses the School of Theology be renamed. This was more limited than Mr. Brudnoy claimed and also more reasonable in light of important facts that he did not bother to mention: King was an alumnus of Boston University and his personal papers have been deposited there for use by scholars. It is also worth pointing out Mr. Brudnoy's prediction that the School of Theology would be renamed "as soon as the frightened trustees can be herded together to give approval" has proved false: six months have elapsed, the Trustees have met several times, and the name has not yet been changed.

These errors concerning the past and the future of Boston University might easily have resulted from honest ignorance, but some of his misinformation concerning Northeastern University seems more difficult to explain. He certainly should have realized that the statement by the administration about hiring Blacks carried the implied requirement that they must be qualified scholars and teachers. Before two White members of the History Department—Mr. Brudnoy and myself—were asked to give lectures in the course

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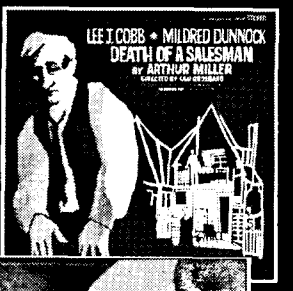

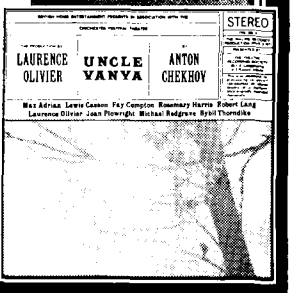

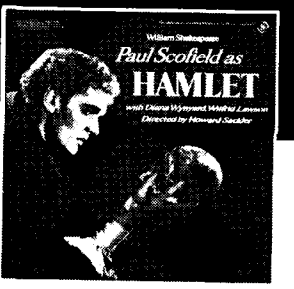

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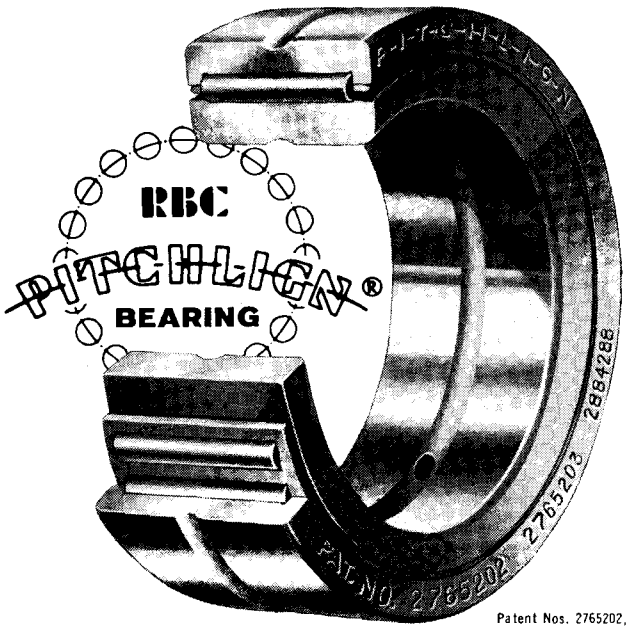

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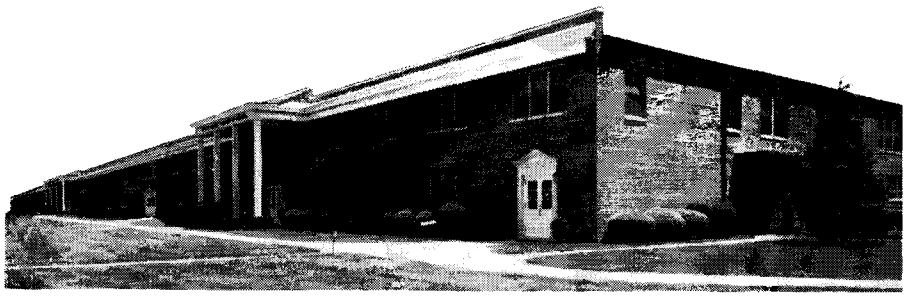

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on Afro-American history, an invitation was extended to a Black historian of considerable ability. When he declined, the course was staffed by Whites and has so continued. Thus, Mr. Brudnoy's implication that Black Power has damaged the quality of teaching at Northeastern University is false. Further, although Mr. Brudnoy predicted that Northeastern University, by agreeing to the demands of Black students, had created a situation which was "academically disastrous," the truth of the matter is that the University re-opened this fall with more, rather than less, academic strength in all of its programs. In fact, the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW has graciously accepted an invitation to address a political science course on our campus in the near future.

So much for Mr. Brudnoy as historian and as seer.

Boston, Mass. ROBERT A. FEER

A Reply

The letter from my good friend, and former colleague, Robert Feer, is somewhat irrelevant. Since Mr. Feer recognizes that the biographical sketch of me, and the cover title, were not *by* me, it seems odd that he focuses at first on these concerns. The cover title was not my doing—indeed it caused me slight chagrin—and the information in In This Issue was dated and was the interpretation of the *editors*. As I had supplied minor up-dating in the article over the summer, as per Mr. Buckley's request, the article was more current than were the words about me. Mr. Feer's remarks on this issue seem intent on embarrassing *me*—perhaps the price that personal friends who are ideological antagonists must pay—but in fact they simply embarrass *him*, and cast doubt on his motivation, reflecting as they do his strangely skewed concern with incidenta.

Professor Feer's remarks about the genesis of the course in Negro history are partially in error, and again he deals not with what *I* wrote, but with what the editors wrote about me. Some Negro students did ask our chairman for such a course, and our chairman and Mr. Feer did ask a Negro if he'd take the post. He declined, and the matter was considered closed by our chairman until I suggested to him that I'd like to teach the course, perhaps with Mr. Feer doing the pre-Civil War half of it, and there then ensued several pleasant months of planning by Mr. Feer and me to prepare the course for the Spring 1968 quarter. Black Power did not introduce the course, Mr. Feer and I did, with the encouragement of our department chairman. The final sentence in paragraph two of Mr. Feer's letter is flip.

Mr. Feer's third paragraph is correct in regard to two errors I made, one factual (I was under the impression that the students had demanded the School be renamed for King; Mr. Feer is correct that it was the *building* that they insisted be renamed); and one of prediction, for in-

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deed the Trustees have acted more cautiously than the president. Incidentally, Mr. Feer seems not to be able to understand that I took no issue in my article with the relative worth of the idea of renaming anything in honor of King. My disagreement was with the procedure under which that suggestion was brought out. The nature of the Boston University students' "proposal" was more akin to "demands" than to what I would regard as polite and civilized requests.

Mr. Feer's final paragraph is a matter of different interpretations. Here Mr. Feer has been remiss in his homework. In two memoranda from the office of Northeastern's president (both were to the faculty, and thus Mr. Feer received them), I am unable to detect an "implied requirement that the Negroes to be hired must be qualified scholars and teachers." In many cases, Mr. Feer's position does not invalidate mine, which is that the hiring of teachers on the basis of their race is wrong, and is, by definition, racist. Again, Mr. Feer confuses fact with fantasy when he states that "before two White [he's gone from "white" to "White" this year, as he's gone from "Negro" to "black" to "Black" in six months] members of the History Department . . . were asked to give lectures in the course. . ." for, as I've explained above, *I* asked to teach the course, with Mr. Feer's participation as co-teacher if he so desired; we were *not* asked to do it.

Whether "Mr. Brudnoy's implication that Black Power has damaged the quality of teaching at Northeastern University is false" or not, only time will tell. . . . "the University re-opened this fall with more, rather than less, academic strength in all of its programs" is true or not, again, only time will tell. Mr. Feer is still with the History Department—and he is a fine teacher and scholar, though a bit disposed to cast aspersions on others' abilities as historians, *vide* his final sentence—another Caucasian is teaching Negro history, and I (who would still happily be at Northeastern were it not that I determined over a year ago to complete doctoral studies in order to strengthen my own knowledge, a decision Mr. Feer endorses) am not there at present. Perhaps this is what Mr. Feer means.

Mr. Feer's final statement of his large paragraph suggests that because Mr. Buckley has agreed to speak to a class taught by a mutual friend of ours (the invitation was extended, and accepted, in my living room, over Scotch and chatter) somehow Mr. Buckley has made a decision as to whether the University is close to or far from "disaster." Come now, Bob. "So much for Mr. Brudnoy as historian and as seer"? So much for Mr. Feer as letter-to-the-editor-writer. But not, let me add, so much for Mr. Feer as friend, because he's an excellent friend, and a perfect example of the sincere 1968 liberal, with all that that implies.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

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THE WEEK

■ Meanwhile, back at the ranch, and good riddance.

■ The AMA has reported an outbreak of Spiro Angina among Democratic politicians. The ailment is a mild cardiac strain brought on by overuse of the lower metaphor, "only a heartbeat away."

■ We record with regret the defeat of Richard A. C. Greene, Republican candidate for Washington State Land Commissioner, who pledged if elected to be "the sort of Land Commissioner who will go out fearlessly and commission the land." Mr. Greene, whose campaign headquarters were located in Honolulu, demanded that Idaho annex most of eastern Washington, "a trackless waste contributing nothing to the Evergreen State but rattlesnakes and nit-wits." Mr. Greene was done in by a Republican (but very square) Seattle newspaper, which editorialized that "the joke" had "gone far enough." We couldn't disagree more.

■ All together now, the *New York Times* is a nobly non-partisan institution dedicated not to political orthodoxy but to the public weal and the moon is made of butterscotch pudding. On Election Day morn, the *Times* endorsed 111 local candidates of whom only 26 were Republicans, five of them carrying also the endorsement of the Liberal Party. Most of the unhyphenated Republicans were super-liberals running in districts where nasty old machine pols had the Democratic and Liberal endorsements sewn up. The day before, the *Times* really tipped its hand when it endorsed a bag of Senate and House candidates from all over the nation—every one a certified left-liberal, *viz*: J. William Fulbright, Wayne Morse, Joseph Clark, F. Bradford Morse, Morris K. Udall, Alan Cranston, William Clark (running against Everett Dirksen). Which just goes to show that there isn't one single mainstream or conservative Republican dedicated to the public weal.

■ Question: Why didn't Nixon, Humphrey or Wallace mention the problem of Communist Cuba even once during the campaign? Answer: Nobody was interested enough to ask about it. Further question: Is Communist Cuba a problem? How about it, Mr. President-elect?

■ During fiscal year 1968-69, which we are now in, New York City will be spending $1.87 billion on welfare programs. In fiscal year 1966-67, New York spent half that much, $932 million. The population of New York City has not increased recently by a factor of two, nor has, it would seem, the margin of success for welfare programs, which were intended once to provide temporary funds to poor people looking for jobs.

■ Two years ago a liberal minister, Dr. Franklin Littell, announced in Washington D.C. the formation of a new organization, the Institute for American Democracy, whose purpose would be to combat extremism. Cf. the *New York Times,* 19 November 1966: "A new organization took out today after the radical Right and the radical Left and said it intended to keep after them. . . ." Well. The Church League of America points out in its current (Nov.) *News & Views* that the thing is a fraud. It is not new; it's merely a reactivated organization first founded in 1946. It's not independent, as it gave the press to believe; it is a formal department of the Anti-Defamation League (a self-righteous organization formed to combat antisemitism but become merely one more engine for propagandizing left-liberal views). It's unusual among public-spirited enterprises in that it doesn't have to file annual reports; its exemption was granted in 1956 by the New York Attorney General, Jacob Javits (the IAD is a New York group, and you can forget about that Washington D.C. press conference). The IAD received its support in 1966 from the Anti-Defamation League, which enjoys tax-deductible status. And does the IAD combat extremism? Rather, it appears to indulge in it, frinstance by publishing pamphlets (based on Walter Reuther's infamous Group Research Inc.) that link together ordinary fundamentalists (Carl McIntyre, Billy Hargis, H. L. Hunt) and more sophisticated rightists (Fred Schwarz, Clarence Manion, Dan Smoot) with John Birchers, the American Nazi Party, the White Citizens Council: all under the photo of Hitler and the caption "It Can't Happen Here! Or Can It?" We join the Church League in calling for a congressional investigation of the IAD.

■ The American Institute for Economic Research has reported its analysis of banking statistics published by the International Monetary Fund. Although official spokesmen have talked of an embargo on South African gold, the AIER estimates that perhaps 80 per cent of her output during July and August was sold on the free market. Furthermore, the AIER estimates that more than $130 million worth of gold was sold from official banking reserves during those months. It concludes 1) that efforts to squeeze South Africa are no cinch to succeed and 2) that the price of gold, which has been moving up in recent months despite these sales, would not necessarily plummet in a completely free market.

■ Hundreds of thousands of Greeks used the funeral of eighty-year-old George Papandreou as the excuse for a political demonstration against the military junta that controls the country. They chanted Papandreou's name and called for freedom and democracy. And the police stood around and did nothing. There were fewer than forty arrests, indicating, as a spokesman for the government pointed out, that there is in fact considerable freedom in Greece for (disorganized) dissent. Authoritarian regimes don't as a rule allow a quarter of a million people or more to demonstrate against them. Meanwhile Papandreou's exiled son and political ally, Andreas, was signing

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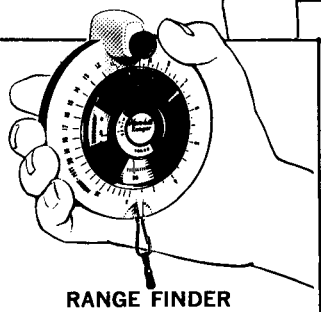

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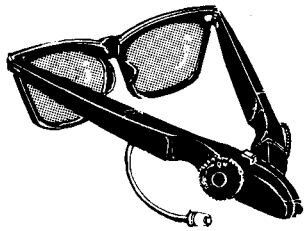

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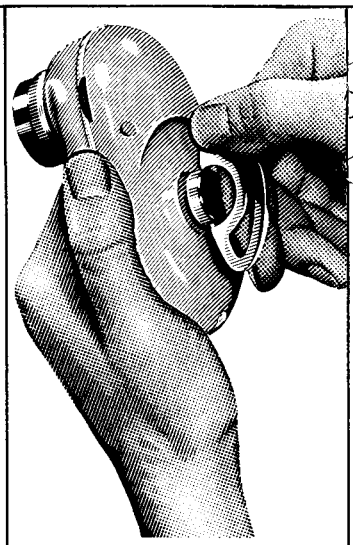

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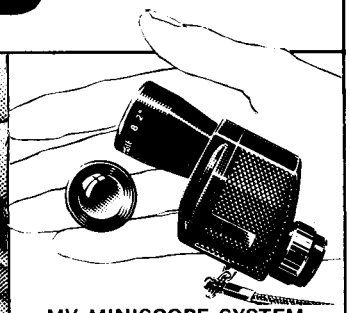

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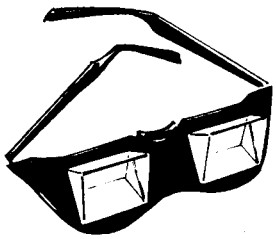

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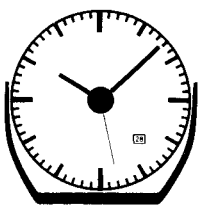

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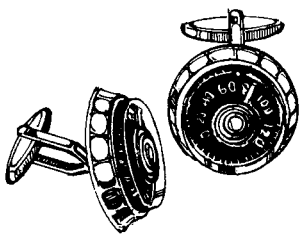

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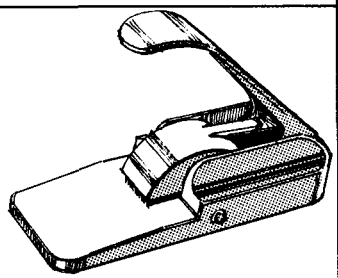

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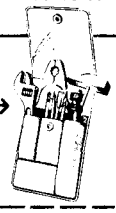

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a popular front pact with exiled leaders of the Greek Communist Party. It was to prevent such a coalition and the probable takeover of Greece by the Communists that the junta moved in in the first place.

■ On the other hand, Greek affairs took a turn for the better last week.

■ Tad Szulc of the *New York Times* reported (Nov. 4) from Prague that "the Dubcek forces in the Czechoslovak Communist party have opened an offense against pro-Soviet conservative factions. . . ." Meanwhile his colleague in Moscow, Henry Kamm, reported that *Pravda* had accused "some Czechoslovak party leaders today [presumably including Dubcek] of helping those who threaten the party's existence by creating a right-wing faction. This is the Soviet term for the party's liberal wing. . . ." Actually it's spinach.

■ Students at the Yale Law School held an "Abe Fortas Film Festival" last week, screening some of the gook that got a distinguished alumnus in trouble with the Senate over the summer. The main feature was *Flaming Creatures,* a put-on catalogue of tongue-in-cheek (and elsewhere) perversions that drew laughs during the opening credits but yawns later on. This one may have left Strom Thurmond exophthalmic in the cinemathèque on Capitol Hill, but a representative viewer at Yale, perhaps a little disappointed, called it this way: "*Flaming Creatures* is a harmless, stupid stag movie."

■ The Apollo 7 astronauts took more than seven hundred photographs of Mother Earth. Only thirteen were released for publication in the first week after landing, and not many more are expected to follow. The reason: they are too good. Special equipment was used, including a very fancy film developed for the Air Force spy satellites. The finished prints show such details of military installations and nuclear facilities that the Pentagon and the AEC are in a heavy sweat. The State Department worries about the revelations concerning foreign nations. And other agencies have noted that shots indicating potential petroleum and other mineral sources might trigger financial gyrations.

■ Cheers! to columnist Marvin R. O'Connell (*Catholic News,* Oct. 24) for noticing and publishing the graffito in the men's room of a Greyhound bus depot: "Take the four-letter word out of the classroom and restore it to its rightful place. Here."

■ A friendly scholar at Johns Hopkins (Department of Social Relations) informs us that it is at least theoretically possible for a candidate receiving only 13.3 per cent of the popular vote to receive 270 electoral votes and become President. For further details write the Office of the Mayor, Chicago 60601, Illinois.

THE ELECTION

The Limerick's something I shun.
It's finished before it's begun.
It's inane. *It's* absurd.
But for giving the bird,
It's magnificent . . . Nixon's the One!
W. H. v. D.

Let's Get Going

Four years ago our post-election editorial was "Arrrgh" and this time it might appropriately be, "Whew." It was no night for weaklings. The network commentators proved themselves the iron men of our era, and we small-hours and all-night watchers are no slouches. As for the candidates, it has long been obvious that they are Supermen all.

Actually, in spite of that eon of cliff-hanging, the Nixon victory was not all that narrow. He has a solid majority in electoral votes and a plurality in the popular vote. Though the Wallace vote was drawn from the rolls of both major parties, it is certain that the preponderant weight of most of the votes for Wallace is on the Nixon as against the Humphrey side of the nation's political balance. Moreover, though Nixon did better in the South, Midwest and West than in the Northeast and Mid-Atlantic, his victories in Vermont, New Hampshire, Delaware and especially New Jersey extend the Nixon pattern broadly over the nation's map.

"The American system" triumphs once more. Old-fashioned, rattle-trap and illogical as it seems, it manages once more to select and legitimize a chief of state and government by an unchallengeable result. The plebiscitary choice coincides with the required majority in the constitutionally defined intermediate body. There is no need to resort to the rusted fail-safe mechanism of a state-unit vote in Congress that might have seemed obsolescent and questionable to most citizens. The entry of George Wallace and his improvised party in the race strained the system severely and, because Wallace and his followers will not obligingly disappear after their little fling, holds an ominous threat for the future. But a third party did not, this year, break the system.

By the rules of a democratic republic, Richard Nixon has, thus, a clear mandate from the nation. And it is a conservative mandate. Not "extreme right wing," or even clearcut unmixed conservative perhaps, but undeniably from the conservative side of the spectrum. No one can doubt that the Humphrey votes came in general from the nation's more liberal and more leftward side; Nixon's, from the more conservative, more rightward. The mandate is made even more unmistakably conservative by the fact, already noted, that the thrust of the

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bulk of the Wallace voters is in the given political circumstances toward the conservative Right, away from the Left and liberalism. Thus the nation, by the means constitutionally provided, has given the man it has put into office, not detailed instructions certainly, but a directorial chart: to shift the readings for the advance some points, at least, toward the conservative Right.

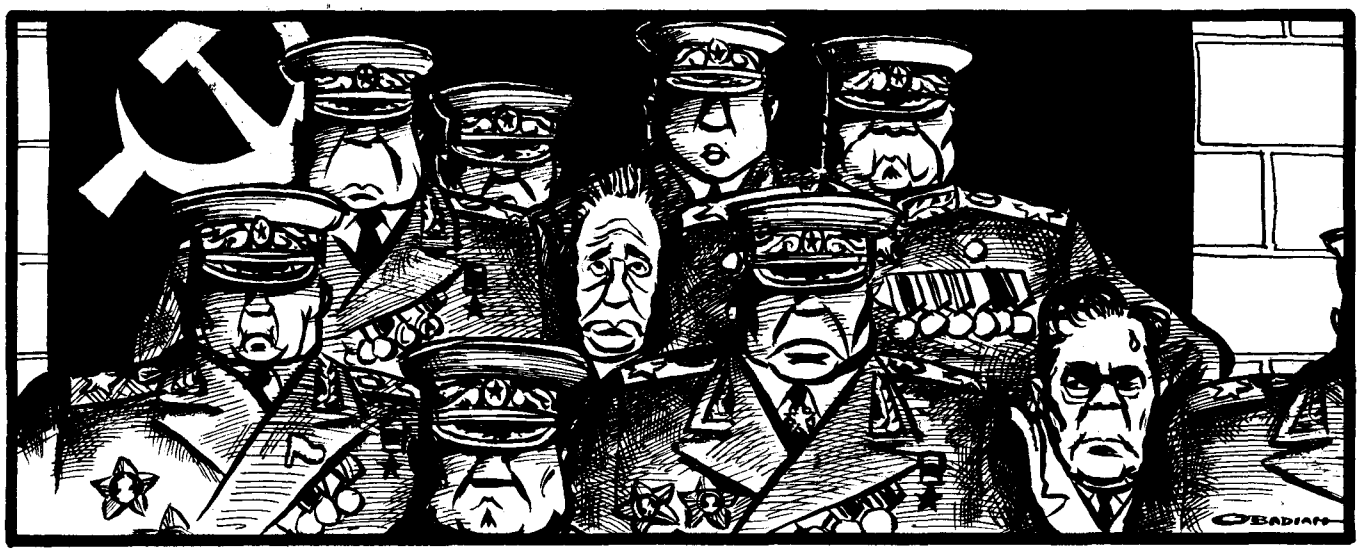
Richard Nixon, then, is as of January 20, 1969, the legitimate and legitimized President with a broad if elastic policy mandate. But a nagging question remains. He will be the anointed governor, but will he be able to govern? Unfortunately this question cannot be answered with entire assurance.

Though Nixon won the national election, the sum of those who voted against him and for Hubert Humphrey included several strata of the population that, unlike conservatives and genuine moderates, do not abide by the rules and even less by the ethos of democratic republics. They, or some of them, will not be reconciled to the fact that a man whom they bitterly reject will be chief of the government and nation for the next four years. They do not propose to operate simply as a loyal political opposition within the system and as critics of the incumbent Administration. They will seek to undermine and sabotage the Administration, and, some of them, to destroy not only the Administration but the system. Conspicuous among these strata are the revolutionary and near-revolutionary groupings of the New Left and the black militants.

With these potential saboteurs present, governing the nation in the next four years is going to be a task of unprecedented difficulty. Nixon will give himself the best chance of accomplishing it if he moves firmly, swiftly and actively along both positive and negative lines. It is necessary for the nation to get the impression that, without waiting for endless commission hearings or grandiose programs, he is taking immediate hold of the key and acute problems. And it is further necessary for the nation, and especially the potential saboteurs, to see from the start that he is not going to stand for any more nonsense. He should order the Justice Department and urge the states to speed, British-style, the meting out of condign punishment to the Eldridge Cleavers, Rap Browns, Huey Newtons, and to the Benjamin Spocks and William Coffins, who have been making a joke out of the laws of the land and setting a disintegrating example to the youth of all races. Why shouldn't the new President set an example for the nation by using all the powers of his office to suppress in the shortest possible time the incredible lawlessness and disorder that degrade the city in which he and his family will now take up their residence?

How it Shapes Up for Conservatives

It was no runaway victory by any means. The forty seats that Sen. George Murphy predicted the Republicans would be picking up in the House—which would have given them a majority—boiled down to a handful: three, four, five maybe. The Democrats will continue to control both Houses of Congress. At this writing the Senate breakdown looks like 58 to 42, which is a gain of five seats for the Republicans. But the drive to displace some of the more prominent and influential Senate doves was hardly a success. George McGovern won in South Dakota—his campaign perked up after his flyer for the Presidential nomination in Chicago; Frank Church (remember that g-dawful keynote speech he made in 1960?) won another term in Idaho, Gaylord Nelson was returned in Wisconsin and Birch Bayh, who had been running neck-and-neck in Indiana against William D. Ruckelshaus, also made it. Precisely because those doveish senators were likely Republican targets, they got all sorts of out-of-state support from the ADA, the labor unions, the Committee for an Effective Congress and the rest of them, the Henry Steele Commager Archibald MacLeish Barbara Tuchman



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types. The nabob of them all, J. William Fulbright, chairman of the influential Senate Foreign Relations Committee, made it, as expected, in an easy trot. But he lost one, maybe two of his most enthusiastic backers on the Foreign Relations Committee with the sure defeat of Joseph Clark in Pennsylvania and the probable but still uncertain defeat of Oregon's Wayne Morse. About Clark, an aside. He was probably the single most liberal gent in the United States Senate. The ADA credits him with a fascinating cumulative 99 per cent voting record in his twelve years in the Senate, which makes him number one on the ADA hit parade. Clark lost out to Rep. Richard Schweiker, a moderate Republican who owes his election in part to his campaign against federal gun control. But as the man says, any U.S. Senate without Senators Clark, Morse, Kuchel and Gruening is a better U.S. Senate.

On the plus side for the Republicans, if not for conservatives particularly, the defeat of Sen. Daniel Brewster of Maryland, by Rep. Charles Mathias. (Some *NR* readers may remember Mathias as the man who defeated former *NR* Senior Editor Brent Bozell in a Maryland primary some years back.) Mathias is a Very Liberal Republican, one of the founding members with John Lindsay of the Wednesday Club in the House of Representatives.

Blessings totally undisguised: Rep. Ed Gurney's win in his senatorial race against Leroy Collins in Florida, Henry Bellmon's defeat of Sen. A.S. "Mike" Monroney in Oklahoma, and the return to the Senate of old AuH_2O, who won his Arizona race without any trouble. Sen. Everett Dirksen will be back, to defend the Marigold, and his showing in Illinois was also instrumental in bringing victory to young Richard Ogilvie, who will be the state's next governor. And in Ohio William Saxbe defeated John J. Gilligan, the labor-supported leftist dove who knocked out conservative Frank Lausche in the Democratic primary last summer. (Lausche, incidentally, backed Nixon in the Presidential race.)

Not even Nixon's lead in California could do anything much to help the senatorial ambitions of Max Rafferty, who suffered a backlash of his own from liberal Kuchel Republicans in California. Rafferty knocked out Kuchel and Kuchel's followers in turn joined ranks behind the lackluster and left-listing Alan Cranston (Cranston was once considered so far left that even the California Democratic Council bounced him). Rafferty's flamboyant campaign style worked against him this time.

Which brings us to the peaceniks, as opposed to the doves. (Peaceniks are doves who exceed the speed limit.) Peaceniks like Peace and Freedom ticket candidate Dick Gregory did very badly indeed, probably racking up fewer than 25,000 votes in all. But in the New York City itself, peace candidates did well. Allard Lowenstein, who had initiated the Dump Johnson Drive of last winter and spring and was prominent in Sen. McCarthy's campaign, won a congressional race in New York against Mason Hampton, who ran on the Republican-Conservative ticket. And another peace candidate, Edward Koch, became the first Democrat in years to win in New York's 17th "Silk Stocking" District (where John Lindsay used to sock it, elegantly, to 'em). His opponent, Whitney North Seymour, was properly Lindsayish, which wasn't enough.

While Jacob Javits (he's almost as good as Joseph Clark, by ADA standards) made mincemeat of his doveish opponent Paul O'Dwyer in the Republican senatorial race in New York, he cast a couple of glances to his right. There James Buckley, running as a Conservative, rolled up more than one million votes, which is the first time in New York history that a splinter party candidate has topped the One Mil Mark. Lindsay and Rockefeller, please also note.

The Power of George Wallace

There are going to be several years of argument over the question of how George Wallace's candidacy affected the election's outcome, and we doubt that agreement will ever be reached on the answer. Our own guess is that if he (or a Wallace by another name) had not been in the ring, Nixon would have won by a very large popular and electoral majority. Nixon would probably have taken all five of the southern states Wallace won. It is true that in the North many Wallace votes came from traditionally Democratic voters, but it is likely that most of these were in any event disillusioned with the Democratic Party this year. Most of them would have swung to Nixon if there had been no Wallace.

But there was a Wallace, and he got more than nine million votes, which is a lot of votes in any system and

A Night To Remember

It wasn't the kind of night
  I'd choose to go through again.
Connecticut gave me a fright,
  And so did the Cronkite men.
Kentucky was terribly nice.
  (When South Carolina went, Wow!)
Arizona took Barry's advice,
  But Michigan wouldn't kow-tow.
From Maine to the Hudson, of course,
  I call it Catastrophe.
(They ought to be sawed off *now*
  and floated away to sea.)
I'm grayer, but no longer green.
  I'm managing sort of a smile.
Let Nixon begin the beguine!
  Hubert's miss is as good as a mile.

W. H. von Dreele

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a startling number in a two-party country. It is ridiculous to talk about these nine million as if they are all Ku Kluxers, illiterates and foaming racists. A few are, of course. Most of them—the overwhelming majority—are decent, loyal, hard-working and responsible citizens. And they are concerned, very much concerned, citizens, concerned enough to have broken from the long established political framework to follow, desperately, a shrewd mountebank who exploited their concern.

Some minor and third-party movements in our history are merely eccentric, but many of them—the abolitionist movements, several of the populist and progressive parties, even the Socialist Party—have been responses to major problems in our development that were not finding expression in the stiffened structure of the two established parties. From such third parties the nation has gained much, since they stimulate the major parties to face the neglected problems and deal with them; upon which the third parties fade away.

By its size alone, the Wallace movement has proved the seriousness and the power of the popular forces which, in this election, its vote has expressed.

Its strength was demonstrated during the campaign, also, by the way in which the Wallace pressures modified the rhetoric of the major candidates. The Wallace voters are not alone in demanding that better order should prevail in the streets, that lawbreakers should not be coddled, that local communities should not be overwhelmed by a meddling federal bureaucracy, and that a necessary special consideration for the nation's poorer and more unfortunate citizens should not mean submission to blackmail at the expense of the responsible majority.

The new President will do well to read the lesson of the Wallace vote many times over. Either he will respond actively to the challenge of those problems which gave rise to the Wallace movement, or the nation will find that movement still present four years from now, much larger, much uglier and far more dangerous.

The Conservative Party and Its Million

The Conservative Party of New York has achieved a unique standing in New York State politics, and it will no longer be possible to ignore it. When it was founded in 1962 its dream was to achieve the strength of the Liberal Party, which for so many years had terrorized the Democratic Party and, derivatively, the Republican Party, in effect disenfranchising conservative voters. Four years later, to its astonishment, the Conservative Party beat the Liberal Party, even though its candidate Mr. Paul Adams was an unknown dean of an unknown upstate college, up against the liberals' Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr.

This year the Conservatives ran James L. Buckley (brother of Wm.) for the Senate, opposing Jacob Javits and Paul O'Dwyer. The result was incredible. At this writing it is projected that Mr. Buckley will have got one million two hundred and fifty thousand votes, or over 16 per cent of the total cast. And this with only a tiny Party enrollment (approximately 70,000), and the expenditure of the merest fraction of the money spent by Messrs. Javits and O'Dwyer.

What is the next step for the Conservative Party? Its founders, Daniel Mahoney and Kieran O'Doherty, always cared to make it primarily a successful pressure party. But they and others will have a job on their hands. In two counties in Long Island, the Conservatives outpolled the Democrats: and when that kind of thing happens, there are those who dream dreams. Unhealthy dreams for those who desire a two-party system. And the months to come will tax the resources of New York Conservatives and the statesmanship of New York Republicans. The latter will either have to yield discreetly to accommodate *force majeure* from the right wing, or face bloody and internecine quarrels in the future.

Javits has pretty well proved that he cannot be beaten. But he is, for reasons irrelevant here, *sui generis*. With such strength as the Conservatives disposed of last week, no other Republican could win statewide office, not Rockefeller, not Nixon, certainly not Senator Charles Goodell, or Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, against a hostile Conservative Party. Indeed, the Republicans' refusal to permit the Conservatives to name Nixon as their Presidential choice may well have accounted for Nixon's loss of New York State and his near-loss of the nation. The Liberals named Hubert Humphrey, no fuss no bother, and added almost a quarter million votes to his column in New York City alone. Humphrey will have carried the city by about

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550,000. Subsequent analysis may show that Nixon lost that many votes because his name did not appear on the Conservative line. How can a Republican Party of the future ignore such a presence?

Surely the next step for the Conservatives is to enter Republican primary contests, and attempt to put into public life men of solid value and solid opinion who will rise in the Republican Party with the aid of the Conservative vote. That is how the Liberals did it for years and years. The emancipation of New York's conservatives by the Conservative Party is a great vindication of assertive democracy. The point of course is to tend to the strategic purposes of the Party's founding, and we do not doubt that, responding to its gifted and responsible leadership, the Conservatives will do just that.

The Polls

It may be that 1968 was the year the opinion polls put on long pants. Not that they hadn't been doing a grown-up job over the years—the Gallup Poll erred by 6.8 points in 1936, predicting the winner's share of the Presidential vote, 3.0 points in 1940, 2.3 points in 1944, 5.4 in 1948, 4.4 in 1952, 1.7 in 1956, 0.9 in 1960, 2.7 in 1964—but we had all got into the habit of blasting them for incompetence, intentional distortion, or both. This year, a particularly strange year, the polls very early detected Nixon's iron hold on about 43 per cent of the electorate and by the eve of the election all three major polls, Gallup and Harris and Roper, declared the election to be so close that there was no scientific ground for predicting the winner.

There is the always annoying question whether the polls are somehow self-fulfilling. Your candidate gets only 12 per cent of the vote in the X Poll? Obviously you don't contribute additional funds to a dying campaign. But then the candidate's campaign really does start to die—because the funds dry up. And it can work the same in the voting booth. Those tidy souls who think it's somehow unthrifty to "throw their vote away" on a forlorn third-party candidate will resist with equal feeling the idea of voting for an obvious loser in a two-party race. Human nature loves a winner. Right, Dick? And yet there's the underdog syndrome, which may have helped Truman in 1948 and Humphrey this year: if he's so damned far behind, the guy deserves a helping hand. Nobody could be *that* bad. . . . Right, Barry?

And the polls can be self-distorting. People are naturally reluctant to admit that they support an eccentric—and what's eccentric if it isn't a candidate with 12, or 28 per cent of the vote? If the polls are saying that Candidate X has "only" 18 per cent or some such slim chunk of the vote, and if a person who has seen those polls is asked by a poll-taker whether he supports Candidate X, the rhetorical reality of the question is: Sir, are you among that antic crew who go for X? Many a good sir, weaseling on his doorstep, will disavow the very suggestion of harboring such embarrassing unorthodoxy. And so distort the poll "on the downside," as they say in the trade.

Probably, on mature reflection (a luxury we permit ourselves to indulge on the morrow of every Presidential election, without regard to race, color, creed, or previous condition of servitude), the polls are neutral in their short-term effect on elections and positively helpful to political analysts and voters alike over the long term. They have weaknesses, so many in fact that they probably cancel themselves out. And if they are nothing else, they are the one thing that this country has taken a holy vow not to do without. They are good show biz.

Peace, Peace, But There Is No Peace

The official Hanoi declaration (November 2) hailed the halt of American bombing and the participation of the National Liberation Front in the Paris negotiations as "a great victory" forced on the United States by "great defeats in Vietnam and increasing condemnation and pressure from peoples throughout the world." The Saigon government, the declaration went on, is a "puppet regime. . ., a tool of the U.S. aggressor, representing nobody." The NLF is "the only authentic representative of the South Vietnamese people." The declaration promised that "the Vietnamese people" would fight on against the U.S. aggressors and their puppet until "complete victory."

Against that background, the worries of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu are natural enough. Nor does it seem altogether remarkable that he should hesitate to send his representatives to sit on an equal footing with those who claim to be the only authentic representatives of the people of his country and dismiss his government as a puppet. To accept the NLF as a separate and independent party to the negotiations would, Thieu argued with a weather eye on the history of our times, be "just another trick toward a coalition government with the Communists in South Vietnam."

Many Americans, weary and frustrated with this unpleasant war, are impatient at what they take to be Thieu's quibbling over a "procedural question." But in negotiations, as in assemblies and conventions, the procedural issues express and often determine the political essence. Thieu wants to make sure he is not conceding the disputed essence in advance by accepting a four-party organization of the Paris talks. Diplomats are ingenious and they may figure out a protocol ambiguous enough to leave open all questions of substance. That would permit a Saigon delegation to take part without prejudice; discussions could then proceed to the serious military and political problems—if Hanoi wants them to.

Hanoi is correct in calling the bombing halt "a great

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victory." Obviously the Communists' over-all military situation is immensely improved by the halt of the bombing. However, it is very important to note where that victory was achieved. Hanoi and the Vietcong did not win in Vietnam. In Vietnam the Communists have been doing badly during the past six months; the military position of the allied anti-Communist forces has been steadily improving. Hanoi won its victory in what it has always believed to be the decisive battlefield: the home territory of the United States. American resolution and endurance at home weakened to a point from which the nation's leadership concluded the people were no longer willing to back up their soldiers in the field with enough firmness to carry the struggle through.

Invigorated by this political and psychological victory, Hanoi—closely supported by Moscow—will follow up in this same political-psychological dimension where its prowess has been triumphantly demonstrated. Its specific objective will now become to undermine and in due course get rid of the Thieu government. To this end the Hanoi spokesmen in Paris and the spokesmen of the Kremlin are already magnifying and exploiting the differences between Saigon and Washington over the negotiating procedure. The political campaign against the Thieu government will expand rapidly. As always, it will find among us many assistants: deliberate, ignorant or foolish.

Excuse It, But Your War Is Showing

"The obvious truth is that the Middle East situation is again approaching an explosion." So *El Ahram,* Nasser's semi-official newspaper, speaking more candidly than usual on the Middle East situation.

For twenty years, we sometimes forget, Israel and the surrounding Arab nations have been in a state of war. Within this continuing condition the degree of active belligerency rises and falls, with occasional abrupt peaks as in 1956 and 1967. But there has never been any total truce, and now once again the level of tension is climbing swiftly.

Arab raids and terrorist acts, and Israeli arrests and counter-raids, have been routine since the June days a year ago. But the new phase seems to have opened with the detonation of a land mine planted by the Egyptians on the Israeli-occupied side of the Suez Canal. This was shortly followed by a formidable artillery exchange in which, according to Israeli reports, the Egyptians fired more than 10,000 rounds from their new Soviet-supplied artillery. Israeli fire destroyed houses, commercial buildings, and oil tanks in Suez and its vicinity. Since then there have been numerous bombardments back and forth across the Jordan-Israel border, strikes by Arab merchants in Israeli-occupied Old Jerusalem, confiscations by the Israeli authorities, etc.

On October 26, a successful Egyptian commando raid across the Canal cost the Israelis both lives and equipment. On October 31 the Israelis, in retaliation, wrecked a bridge, dam, and powerhouse 300 miles up the Nile from Cairo, just 140 miles from the Aswan dam—a plain enough threat of what might happen to Egypt's prize possession. (Whether this was a helicopter-borne commando operation or, as the Egyptians claim, a low-flying bombing run, is in dispute.) Israeli reconnaissance planes are overflying much of Egypt. On November 3, Israeli Mirages and Egyptian MiGs fought above the Sinai desert, with the usual claims from each side about losses by the other. Cairo announced that weapons were being distributed to civilians.

Meanwhile the number of Soviet advisers, instructors, and technicians in Egypt is said to have reached more than three thousand, with Soviet pilots, in some cases, flying Egyptian planes. Nasser has just turned over part of Cairo West airfield to the Russians. A squadron of nine Tu-14s has arrived on permanent station there, and is maintaining observation of the U.S. Sixth Fleet.

The UN's peacemaking efforts carried out by Gunnar V. Jarring have got nowhere, and he is expected to quit by the end of the year. The U.S. Government is said to place its hopes for preventing full-scale fighting on a belief that the Soviet Union will keep its Arab clients on leash. In the Middle East itself, however, many experienced observers are convinced that the Kremlin judges its strategic purposes to be best served by persisting and increased trouble in the Middle East.

Even on the rosiest outlook for Vietnam, it does not seem likely that Americans are going to be allowed to get much of that vacation from responsibility for which so many of them have been longing.

Rose Wilder Lane RIP

On October 31 the *grande dame* of libertarian endeavor, Rose Wilder Lane, died, at the age of eighty, at her home in Danbury, Connecticut. Just a note now to pray God rest her soul, to express our sense of loss, and to mention that we shall shortly publish a longer memorial of her, suitable to her scholarship, her energy, and her ability to influence for the good and the true all those who came fortunately within her magnetic orbit.

Joseph Lewis RIP

Joseph Lewis, village atheist to the world, was taken from our midst last week after 79 years of campaigning against, e.g., public prayer, chaplains in the military, Christmas postage stamps and the use of public funds to transport crippled children to and from parochial schools. As a monument he left his collected works, which include *An Atheist Manifesto, The Tyranny of God, The Bible Unmasked* and *The Serpents of Religion.* He was a most awful bore, but even so we wish him happiness in the next world, where he is likely to learn first hand about the tyranny of God and the serpents of religion. And then find, we trust, eternal peace.

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Notes & Asides

■ Approx 1:00 A.M., our poet laureate von Dreele concluded the worst, and penned the following forlorn lines. (We publish elsewhere what he wrote in the bright dawn of Illinois' concession to Nixon):

Invictus

I shall not mount the wailing wall
To fulminate on fouls,
Nor shall I grasp the awful sword
And plunge it in my bowels.
I shall not throw myself before
A local on the Pennsy;
I do not go for gesturing;
I'm strongly anti-frenzy.
No, I shall simply carry on,
Continuing to screw
The Humphreys and the Muskies in
The NATIONAL REVIEW.

■ Concerning the election there is copy aplenty in the front of the book. The On the Right section that normally appears at the end of the book section was suspended, on the assumption that pre-election copy would go quickly stale. However, one episode in the pre-election flurry I did look in at—a Democratic gala—and what happened there is, or certainly should be, public property. . . .

It was billed as a "Halloween Gala." The egregious sponsors were: the Americans for Democratic Action, the New Coalition for Humphrey-Muskie, and the Students' Coalition for Humphrey-Muskie. The auditorium was the vast Manhattan Center, capacity 4,000. The speakers were the authors of approximately one quarter of the Current Books section of the New York Public Library, an easy quorum of the Establishment Left: Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Michael Harrington, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Ted Sorensen, William Fitts Ryan, Joseph Rauh Jr., James Farmer, Norman Cousins. It was quite an evening.

Shelley Winters, the master of ceremonies, came in, between the speeches, with ideological chit-chat which, with that background of poets and professors, gave something of the impression of Mother Bloor lecturing to the faculty of the Lenin Institute. Her principal complaint was that as an actress she lives in California, and back when Ronald Reagan was head of her union, the actors wanted something, and Reagan settled for 2 per cent, and in later years, he spent two "zillion" dollars on something else, vote for Humphrey.

The genial Mr. Moynihan opened by observing my presence at the press table and remarking that the Church "has always made provisions for late vocations." Whereupon Mr. Moynihan announced that the cessation of the bombing was a vindication of the young people. That assumes either that the young protesters so touched Ho Chi Minh or Lyndon Johnson that they decided on a stop-bombing agreement as a sort of Halloween present to the kids. Another explanation, of course, is that the young people in South Vietnam who have been fighting there for what some people consider idealistic reasons, had something to do with bringing about the pressures that may lead to peace. And of course, there is the third explanation, which is that the stop-bombing agreement is a vindication of what the kids have been saying about Lyndon Johnson's cynicism.

Marietta Tree, the queenly consort of Adlai Stevenson, said that over in the United Nations, everybody is praying that Humphrey will win. The last part was supererogatory. It was quite reassuring enough to learn that everyone over at the United Nations is praying. Shelley Winters was so overcome by this news that she volunteered the knowledge that she always knew that there was something terribly spiritual about India, and this confirmed it.

William Vandenheuvel said that all of this was in the memory of Robert Kennedy, and that he knew that Nelson Rockefeller in his heart of hearts regretted that the Republican Party had been taken over by the reactionaries. Whereupon Shelley Winters volunteered that she felt a special sense of obligation to liberal politics because when she was a five-year-old girl, the New Deal "gave me a hot lunch, even though Herbert Hoover hated me." Really Mr. Hoover was a man of quite extraordinary vision.

Norman Cousins said that nothing had changed in 23 years, and proved it by giving a speech I first heard him give 23 years ago. Arthur Schlesinger said that Nixon and Agnew would usher in the end of—I didn't quite catch the word, but it was something quite awful, like "America," or "the world," or something.

But the best was yet to be. Galbraith was introduced, and a line straight as a super-highway was quickly constructed by the introducer between Aristotle, Erasmus, Locke, Adam Smith, John Maynard Keynes—and your next speaker. At which point, opening his mouth to speak, the tall, austere Scotsman, for the first time since he was four-and-one-half-years old, froze.

A lovely young couple had dashed up to the proscenium, and there shed their raincoats revealing, well, revealing absolutely everything. Eve was rather quickly detained, and the raincoat put back on her shoulders. But Adam bounced up on stage and holding a pig's head in hand, danced like a leprechaun around the silent, not to say awe-struck, Professor Galbraith. Out came the fuzz from the wings (police brutality—everywhere you go, police brutality), and Galbraith finally turned to his speech, but alas, not many people were really listening and, to show how upset he was, he forgot to blame Adam and Eve on Richard Nixon. —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

SOCK IT TO US, HERBERT

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

One-Dimensional Man, published in 1964, is Herbert Marcuse's most widely read book. The author's "Acknowledgements" end: "The American Council of Learned Societies, the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Social Science Research Council have extended to me grants which greatly facilitated the completion of these studies." (No further evidence will be needed to prove it was not Prof. Marcuse's lovely English prose that won him the grants.)

I do not know anything about the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation. The American Council of Learned Societies is a combined operation of professional academic associations. It has money to channel here and about, and consequent influence and prestige in academic, intellectual and publishing circles. So, too, the Social Science Research Council. Everybody knows the Rockefeller Foundation.

Back to the question

Why should these two councils and this foundation (never mind Rabinowitz) facilitate the completion of the studies of Herbert Marcuse?

Marcuse, though no spring chicken, is generally regarded as guru of the New Left. This is not so much because his books are actually read by New Leftists—though they are by many of the leaders—as from the fact that his doctrines offer a more or less systematic rationale for the New Left's attitude and behavior.

The core of Marcuse's neo-Marxian teaching is plain enough. Modern capitalist society, above all American society, *is in its essence totally, irremediably bad.* There can be no question of improvement or reform. One must break absolutely with the society and all its values. "I have tried to show," Marcuse explained in a recent interview, "that contemporary society is a repressive society in all its aspects. . . . I have tried to show that any change would require a total rejection . . . of this society." He added: "I have been accused of concentrating my critique on American society, and this is quite true." He continued: "The students have said that they are opposing the violence of society, legal violence, institutional violence. Their violence is that of defense. They have said this, and I believe it is true. . . . The students have said it: a revolution is always just as violent as the violence it combats. I believe they are right."

Marcuse has not hidden these views. He has held them for many years. The administrators and trustees who allotted him the grants that "facilitated" the production of *One-Dimensional Man* knew what they were going to get for their money.

Why should our three institutions give Herbert Marcuse money? I want to narrow my question to the minimum. I refer specifically to Marcuse rather than to "Marxists" or "revolutionaries" or anything else "in general" because Marcuse is avowedly, plainly and in fullest degree extremist (verbally, that is; from a practical standpoint he is just another pretentious windbag in the ponderous Teutonic tradition of Fichte-Hegel-Schelling, serving up his metaphysics with a little religion-of-blood sauce to titillate the youngsters). I am not asking about his job as professor at the University of California, San Diego, or his lectures, his naturalized citizenship or the publication of his articles and books. I'll assume that all such matters can be judged to involve issues of free speech, free press, academic freedom or some category of human right about the application of which rational men might rationally differ. But, so far at any rate, even the UN has not declared foundation grants to be among the Universal Human Rights. Nor are we here dealing with the always ambiguous case of a creative artist whose works, however extremist their ideological content, may be felt to have other justifying dimensions. Marcuse's painful prose is strictly one-dimensional.

Marcuse does not say that the U.S. as nation and social system is bad in this, that and the other respect and will have to do this and that to improve. He says the U.S. is totally and absolutely bad and cannot be cured; it must be rejected and destroyed, so that "totally changed human nature" (his words, please) may start afresh. Let me once more insist: I am not here questioning Marcuse's right to believe and say this, nor the right of others to give him, if they choose, the chance to say it from platform or in print. I am not even arguing about its truth or falsity; let's grant it to be true. And I'm not concerned with whether a foundation has the *right* to give money to Marcuse (or his equivalents).

And Now the Answer

I am asking only, why *do* they give money to Marcuse? What sense does it make? It is exactly as if I paid a man to say (and knew in advance he would say) that I was totally evil, could not be improved, and ought to be killed forthwith. That might be true, but why should I pay him to say so?

So far is I have been able to figure out, there is no rational answer to my question. If not, then the answer must be irrational. They pay the money to Marcuse (and his equivalents) because they *want* to have him say what they know he is going to say: you and your society are totally evil and ought to be destroyed. That they should be motivated by this masochistic wish can be explained only by their being either silly or obsessed with guilt or, of course, both.

I have found that many readers think I am only being hyperbolic or metaphorical when I state that contemporary liberalism is a *suicidal* tendency. *Cf. supra.* □

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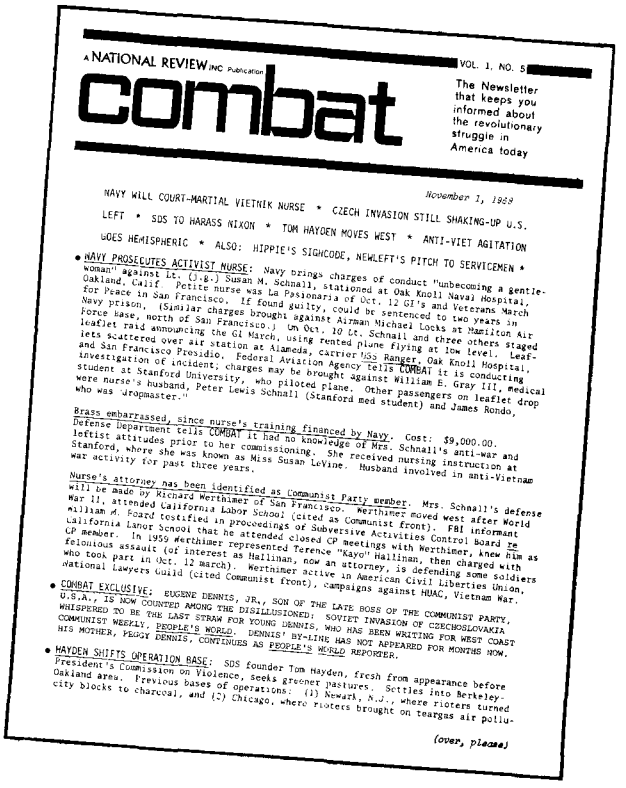

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combat

The Newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today

November 1, 1968

NAVY WILL COURT-MARTIAL VIETNIK NURSE * CZECH INVASION STILL SHAKING-UP U.S. LEFT * SDS TO HARASS NIXON * TOM HAYDEN MOVES WEST * ANTI-VIET AGITATION GOES HEMISPHERIC * ALSO: HIPPIE'S SIGHCODE, NEWLEFT'S PITCH TO SERVICEMEN *

• NAVY PROSECUTES ACTIVIST NURSE: Navy brings charges of conduct "unbecoming a gentlewoman" against Lt. (j.g.) Susan M. Schnall, stationed at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif. Petite nurse was La Passionaria of Oct. 12 GI's and Veterans March for Peace in San Francisco. If found guilty, could be sentenced to two years in Navy prison. (Similar charges brought against Airman Michael Locks at Hamilton Air Force Base, north of San Francisco.) On Oct. 10 Lt. Schnall and three others staged leaflet raid announcing the GI March, using rented plane flying at low level. Leaflets scattered over air station at Alameda, carrier USS Ranger, Oak Knoll Hospital, and San Francisco Presidio. Federal Aviation Agency tells COMBAT it is conducting investigation of incident; charges may be brought against William E. Gray III, medical student at Stanford University, who piloted plane. Other passengers on leaflet drop were nurse's husband, Peter Lewis Schnall (Stanford med student) and James Rondo, who was "dropmaster."

Brass embarrassed, since nurse's training financed by Navy. Cost: $9,000.00. Defense Department tells COMBAT it had no knowledge of Mrs. Schnall's anti-war and leftist attitudes prior to her commissioning. She received nursing instruction at Stanford, where she was known as Miss Susan LeVine. Husband involved in anti-Vietnam war activity for past three years.

Nurse's attorney has been identified as Communist Party member. Mrs. Schnall's defense will be made by Richard Werthimer of San Francisco. Werthimer moved west after World War II, attended California Labor School (cited as Communist front). FBI informant William A. Foard testified in proceedings of Subversive Activities Control Board re California Labor School that he attended closed CP meetings with Werthimer, knew him as CP member. In 1959 Werthimer represented Terence "Kayo" Hallinan, then free as felonious assault (of interest as Hallinan, now an attorney, is defending some soldiers who took part in Oct. 12 march). Werthimer active in American Civil Liberties Union, National Lawyers Guild (cited Communist front), campaigns against HUAC, Vietnam War.

• COMBAT EXCLUSIVE: EUGENE DENNIS, JR., SON OF THE LATE BOSS OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY, U.S.A., IS NOW COUNTED AMONG THE DISILLUSIONED; SOVIET INVASION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA WHISPERED TO BE THE LAST STRAW FOR YOUNG DENNIS, WHO HAS BEEN WRITING FOR WEST COAST COMMUNIST WEEKLY, PEOPLE'S WORLD. DENNIS' BY-LINE HAS NOT APPEARED FOR MONTHS NOW. HIS MOTHER, PEGGY DENNIS, CONTINUES AS PEOPLE'S WORLD REPORTER.

• HAYDEN SHIFTS OPERATION BASE: SDS founder Tom Hayden, fresh from appearance before President's Commission on Violence, seeks greener pastures. Settles into Berkeley-Oakland area. Previous bases of operations: (1) Newark, N.J., where rioters turned city blocks to charcoal, and (2) Chicago, where rioters brought on teargas air pollu-

(over, please)

Facts About Combat...

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COMBAT's editor is Theodore Lit, longtime editorial associate of the late Fulton Lewis, Jr. and former senior editor of the Conservative Book Club. Mr. Lit is a veteran journalist with an intimate professional knowledge of the Communist movement and other radical forces in America.

COMBAT's research director is Ruth I. Matthews. For more than 15 years she analyzed the Radical Left day by day as a working partner of the late J. B. Matthews of the Dies and McCarthy Committees.

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School decentralization was to be the answer in New York.
Then it was tried and is, to this point, a disaster.
Who's to blame? Everyone, says Max Geltman.
The teachers' union, the mayor, but mostly the black militants

On Learning Swahili

MAX GELTMAN

THE TEACHER asked the little boy, "What do you want?"

The boy responded, "I want freedom."

"When?" continued the teacher.

"I want freedom now," said the boy.

"No," said the Negro teacher, "you can't have freedom now. You will have to wait a week."

"No," shouted the little black boy. "I want freedom *now*."

"Well," said the teacher, "I'm sorry, but one week isn't too long. You will just have to wait."

"No, no," the little boy screamed in defiance, "I want freedom *now*!"

"Well, boy, I don't think you can have it—now. You will just have to wait a week for freedom."

"Don't call me boy," said the boy, tears welling up in his eyes. "I'm a man, and I want my freedom NOW!"

"Good," said the teacher. "Very, very good, my man. Now you over there . . ." and he turned his attention to another six-year-old in his Pavlovian experiment in automatic response to a built-in stimulus. This scene took place in Philadelphia in early summer 1968, and was witnessed by millions when CBS network television focused its sympathetic cameras and sound equipment on it in a series titled "Of Black America."

At Cornell University, a Negro co-ed suddenly taken ill in her dormitory refused the attention of any but a black physician, while the leader of the Black Student Union at San Francisco State College suggested that the best thing the white people could do for the Negroes "is to die." All over the country Negro students are demanding black facilities for black students, including separate eating quarters and sleeping accommodations. This spread of black educational apartheid is not confined to so-called seats of higher learning, but is beginning to be felt in the nation's high schools as well.

Brown and Thereafter

In New York City the simple process of elementary school education has broken down entirely. Since what is happening there is symptomatic of what may happen (and is happening) elsewhere in the land, the rest of these remarks will be confined to the problem of education and "decentralization" in the city school system. But before doing so we shall have to go back a bit to the time of the 1954 decision of the U.S. Supreme Court in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. It will be recalled that the Court had ruled that—regardless of teacher skills, or administrative responsibility, or adequate plant facilities—Negro children were incapable of getting a decent education by the sheer fact of being separated from white children. In the words of the Court, such education was "inherently inferior." Now this gratuitous insult cast on the entire Negro population by what remains an essentially racist decision took about a dozen years to sink in. In 1966 Floyd McKissick, then head of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), sick at the sight of forced integration creating the kind of havoc that the Justices probably never envisaged, remarked sardonically that what the Court really meant was that a black child could only learn when sitting next to a white child, "so that wisdom would rub off on him."

The fact of the matter is that New York's public schools—up till 1954—were genuinely integrated, in the sense that children went to their neighborhood schools, regardless of ethnic background—or whatever. That is the way the Jewish, Italian, Polish, Irish, Chinese and Negro children had been educated for generations and that is the way James Baldwin, for one, got his education, being appointed editor of the school magazine in integrated DeWitt Clinton High School. The Irish schoolteacher—she dominated the school system then—demanded three things: obedience, cleanliness and a willingness to learn. These conditions satisfied, you could go on to City College (as most of us did) or to Harvard if papa was willing to kill himself for it. No one stood in your way, no one helped you. You helped yourself, and if you were bright and Jewish and you wanted the Irish teacher's job, you did not lock her up in the bathroom and demand Jew Power, but you did something more subtle and perhaps even more devastating: you pushed for laws demanding strict merit rating in the appointment of teachers and principals to the school system.

Today the Irish schoolteacher is no more, the Jewish teacher having largely replaced her. And while it is true that some 80 or 90 per cent of all teaching and supervisory personnel is Jewish, the school population is mostly made up of Spanish-speaking children of Puerto Rican parentage and Negroes, the latter making up the bulk of the total. This replacement of ethnic population brought with it new problems—and new tensions. It was soon discovered that the majority of the new school population was two to three years behind in reading skills, especially after the first four grades. The causes that might account for this—poor incentive, lack of parental concern, or just plain inability to keep up with established norms—were not investigated; instead it was decided to blame the "middle-class-oriented" teachers for not understanding the plight of the "poor" although it is certain that

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most of the city's teachers had come from families poorer—absolutely and relatively—than the pupils they were assigned to teach. The centralized Board of Education also came under attack for its bureaucratic control of the system and for the massive overcrowding in the schools. Yet, it could be pointed out, in this regard at least, that thirty years ago the school population was greater than it is now by as much as one hundred thousand pupils (it now numbers a little over a million) while the teaching staff was about half what it is today—and children maintained a high level of reading skills as well as proficiency in other subjects.

'This Is a Jungle'

In any case, it soon dawned on some members of the Negro community that a forced mix did not work, that in effect it worsened black-white relations, while some of them, reflecting the McKissick anger, got fed up with the integrationist mythology in which their children were asked to play the leading role in a complex social drama. It was at this point that many of them began to pay heed to the more abrasive elements in their midst, those defiant young men who had been shouting the new slogans, "Black Power," and "Black is Beautiful." And it was they who built a mystique around the concept of blackness that has turned many Negro communities of America into separatist enclaves—say what you will, regret as you may, deplore it as you might. The facts are that whether it is the prestigious Boston Latin School or the new all-black Intermediate School 201 in Harlem, Afro-American dress and hairdos are demanded by young Negro students—and with it they demand their own control of the schools, their own history, and their own language—Swahili.

In New York these demands were given a shot in the arm when the Ford Foundation—after a study pointing to the desirability of decentralizing the central school bureaucracy—ponied up a fortune of money to help set up three experimental districts, one in Harlem, the other in Ocean Hill-Brownsville in Brooklyn, and the third on the lower East Side of Manhattan. At the first a major confrontation took place in 1966 when some black power militants demanded a complete takeover of Intermediate School 201, built as a "showcase" for "ghetto education," at enormous cost and probably the only public school in the world that is entirely air-conditioned, with enough facilities to turn out Ph.Ds in almost any discipline. Only the staff installed insisted that the proper education for black children was blackness—in the very literal meaning of the term. Appointed as principal was one Herman Ferguson (now out of prison on appeal from a conviction of conspiracy to assassinate moderate Negro civil rights leaders). At an assembly held in that school in 1967 to honor the martyred memory of Malcolm X children were subjected to "kill-whitey" propaganda, in plays, poems and pantomimes. More than a year later the *Times* reported that "an air of bedlam prevailed at showcase 201." One Negro teacher, starting the spring term in 1968 remarked, "This isn't a school, this is a jungle."

At the famous 201 assembly for Malcolm X there appeared one John F. Hatchett, a substitute teacher from another school, bringing his charges with him to hear the call of the black man for revenge against "whitey," despite instruction from the superintendent of schools, Bernard E. Donovan, not to do so.

"Who murdered the black man?" asked a character in one of the plays for children presented to the assembled audience. They replied in chorus:

"Whitey, whitey."

"Who should we lynch?"

"Whitey, whitey," echoed the chorus.

John Hatchett was dismissed from his job. But he did not suffer long for his indiscretion. In mid-summer 1968 he was appointed to head up the Martin Luther King Jr. Afro-American Student Center at New York University—at $18,000 a year. This outraged the Jewish community because Mr. Hatchett had written in the November-December 1967 issue of *Forum*, the Afro-American Teachers Association publication, that "We are witnessing today in New York City a phenomenon that spells death to the minds and souls of our Black Children. It is the systematic coming of age of the Jews who dominate and control the educational bureaucracy of the New York Public School System and their power-starved imitators, the Black Anglo-Saxons." It is for this reason, he added, that "our black children are being educationally castrated . . . mentally poisoned by a group of educators who are actively and persistently bringing a certain self-fulfilling prophecy to its logical conclusion." Despite some verbal Jewish protests, Arthur Goldberg gave Mr. Hatchett a clean bill of health, saying he had become convinced after a conversation with him that he had changed his mind. But the former substitute teacher would have none of these Goldberg variations on the theme of Jewish castration, stating he meant every word he said. (On October 10 Hatchett was "fired" at full pay for telling an audience that Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon and Albert Shanker, head of the New York teachers' union, were all "racist bastards.")

Suddenly the new fall term arrived—and sure enough there was another teachers' strike in the city. New York had become accustomed to the power of Albert Shanker, head of the United Federation of Teachers, to close down the schools. Only this time he wasn't fighting for pork chops, as the old-time union men used to say when they hit the bricks. He was striking for a principle, he said, not more loot in a rapidly decaying school climate, but the right of teachers to be secure in their jobs.

Shanker Is Old-Time Boss

What brought about the strike was the dismissal of ten teachers in early May by Rhody McCoy, the Ford-funded administrator of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville demonstration district. Later when a hundred teachers left the local schools in support of the ten, they too were fired. Shanker called a limited strike, affecting only the eight schools in Mr. McCoy's district. When the new term loomed, he called on the central Board of Education to see to it that all 110 teachers were reinstated—or he would strike the entire system. Albert Shanker is essentially an old-line union boss who knows only one tactic when confronted by a complex and difficult situation—strike. He rules his teachers, most of whom are hard-working and dedicated professionals, as if they were plumbers. Rhody McCoy, hard-pressed to make a success of his experiment in Ocean Hill, and pressured by certain hard-nosed militants in the community, was adamant in denying the return of the union teachers. The central board, as usual, temporized, not really knowing what to do, so a strike took place which effectively shut down almost all schools. This strike lasted two days, after a promise by Superintendent Donovan that all teachers could go back to their old schools. But he didn't

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reckon with the temper of the community. At Intermediate School 271, focal point of the dispute, teachers charged that they had been abused, insulted, derided by racial and anti-semitic epithets. Some of them claimed they had been physically threatened. In this atmosphere Shanker ordered the teachers out again, demanding that the city guarantee the freedom and safety of the teachers to conduct their classes in a "proper teaching situation." This second closure proved even more potent that the first.

All Favor Decentralization

This time all supervisory personnel supported the strike since they, too, felt threatened. It had transpired during the year that when the Board of Education appointed Milton Stier to be the new principal of PS◦148 in the Bronx, a dozen black militants barged into his office and draped a huge swastika on the wall. Mr. Stier got the message and demanded transfer elsewhere. Later in the year Theresa Rakow, a veteran in the system for over a generation, was ordered out as superintendent of District 1 comprising 23 schools with a school population of 27,000. Those participating in her ouster never numbered more than two hundred. This is the same number, by the way, that bars teachers from returning to Ocean Hill. Here it should be pointed out that the interests of the parents and children are almost never considered, lip-service aside, by either side in the confrontation. Shanker demands job security, the local governing board insists on full power to do as it pleases with its schools. Caught between these power interests, Rhody McCoy tries desperately to present a reasonable case for his experiment in decentralized education. He not only has the teachers' union to contend with and the demands of his board, he is also under considerable pressure from Robert "Sonny" Carson, Brooklyn chief of the Independent—breakaway—Congress of Racial Equality, and this Mr. Carson is of a mind that *all* white men are pigs—not just cops as some of his less belligerent comrades believe.

The Black Panthers, whose beret-ed figures can be found any day schools are open in Ocean Hill, do not add serenity either. These elements represent a threat to the community, and Rhody McCoy is no Catherine Basie. (The wife of the band leader Count Basie now carries a pistol for self-protection from the Panthers. She recently resigned as head of the South Jamaica Community Council after sixteen years, because of Black Panther terror. Says she: "If they get me, I'll at least take one of them with me.") She knows the Panthers ain't fooling. But John Vliet Lindsay, unflappable mayor of New York, isn't panicking —and the schools are a bedlam of confusion. So Shanker took his teachers out and demanded respect for due process. Really! This is perhaps the only funny aspect of the whole tragic situation. "We demand due process and respect for the law," he declared at the very moment he was engaged in another illegal strike.

In fairness to Shanker, however, it must be said that he was upset when Mr. McCoy and the local board refused to heed the findings of a trial judge, himself a Negro, who found all ten teachers originally fired had been dismissed without cause. In this circumstance he felt he had to do something to protect his teachers from capricious actions by any group which grabbed power and declared itself the legitimate representative of the community. Certainly the educationist bureaucracy represented by the New York Board of Education is a strange and one-eyed monster that sees nothing unless it receives a clout on the head.

Decentralization *per se* is not the issue, however. In fact, all parties to the dispute—the union, the mayor, the big Board and the little boards—are all for it. Each however places a different content into the form. But teacher reaction is largely based on the speed with which the "experiment" is proceeding. They complain of the zeal for instant reform which the fossilized central board has suddenly instituted. In this they are supported by some of the state legislators who are now proposing a more viable and less hectic approach to the problem of decentralization. They would first break up the city-wide monolith into five Boards of Education, each representing a borough of Greater New York. These, they argue, are real political, geographical subdivisions of the city and it is on this broader level the experiment in decentralization should proceed. Then, if success should be visible after a resonable period has elapsed, will be time enough for further, more local, decentralization.

Meanwhile, the kind of unclear mandate given some thirty communities to set up local governing boards to take over the education of the city's children is bound to run into further difficulties, because no one knows for sure what the mandate implies. What has many concerned citizens worried is that New York will soon have thirty Ocean Hills or 29 more IS 201's. At both these experimental districts, set up largely to elevate the reading levels of the neighborhood children, the emphasis is not so much on learning English—but on grasping the essentials of Swahili.

Why Swahili f'goshsakes?

Now I am all for children learning as many languages as possible, including Swahili. But why *this* language for Negro and Puerto Rican children? Certainly no language, no patois or dialect has less significance than Swahili for the American Negro—never mind the Puerto Rican or other children who do still attend some of these schools. Actually it is the lingo of his ancient oppressors, a *lingua franca* spoken in East Africa by the slave traders who bartered West African flesh for salt, ivory and for cash. It can be further stated with a good deal of accuracy that almost no Negro sold into slavery in America came from East Africa, where Swahili is spoken by the largely Moslem population, the language being a mixture of native tribal speech and Arabic. But some far-out black men, seeking an identity for the new Negro, think they have found here a concept that is all black and something no white man can have any part of. But the Arabs are not Negroes regardless of what Stokely Carmichael thinks, and Roy Innis, the CORE chieftain, is sadly mistaken if he thinks this will help build self-pride in pride-less black men. One day the black children in IS 201 and in Ocean Hill are going to grow up and discover that the lies about their African past now being manufactured are worse than the fictions of that golden age on the benevolent plantations of the South.

With Swahili, it is the fashion, especially in the new textbooks distributed by the New York State Commissioner of Education, to tell of the wonders of past Negro achievements, attributing the birth of civilization to sub-Saharan Africa with its golden temples, its golden kingdoms and the golden stools of the Ashanti, all out of context and most if it false. To this is added the preposterous assertions about great black heroes and scholars

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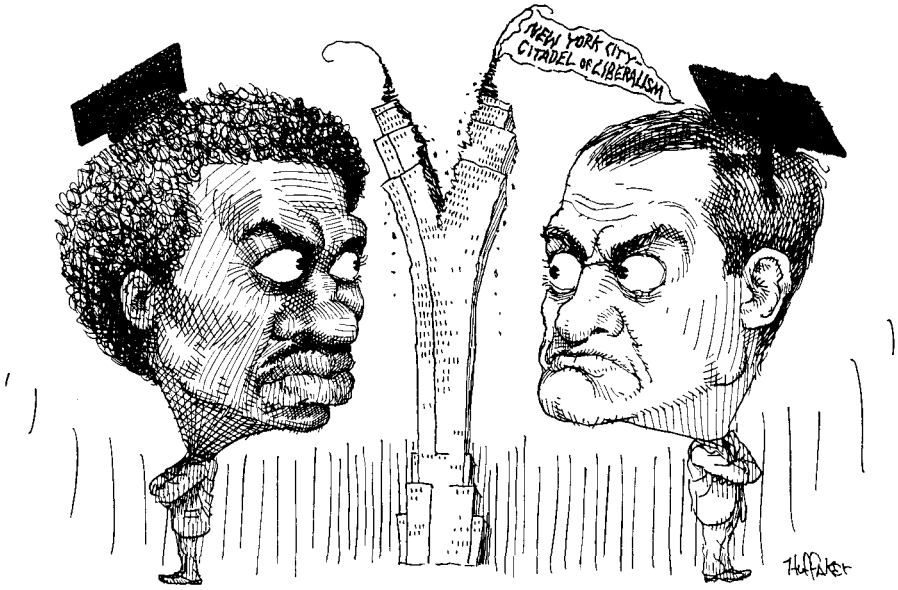
including Aesop, Hannibal, St. Augustine, Septimus Severus, Caracalla—and Crispus Attucks. As to the last, every teacher must tell her pupils that he was "the first patriot to die in the War of Independence." Should she, in her desperate researches, discover that perhaps an even stronger case for "first martyr" can be made out for young Christopher Snider, a German immigrant boy killed by the same enemy a few weeks before Attucks and his four (white) comrades were mowed down by a group of British soldiers, she will be doing her duty as a teacher—but not in Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Here the teachers who had been dismissed were finally told to return to work, thus ending the second phase of the strike that terminated September 30, 1968. This time they had assurances from the mayor and the central board that they could return and teach in peace and safety, the latter being provided by the police, the former by inside observers.

Here the matter rested until October 14 when Shanker ordered his troops out for the third strike in less than two months. Once again he charged that Lindsay and Donovan had reneged on an agreement that would have permitted his "professional staff" to resume their old teaching assignments. This neither the mayor nor the superintendent could assure, despite the fact that they had suspended Rhody McCoy and the local governing board for thirty days, and had removed seven of the local principals in the district. On complaints from his teachers that they had been subjected to considerable intimidation—and had not been given proper teaching posts—coupled with the fact that the seven principals had been ordered back to their schools after a couple of days, Shanker and the Council of Supervisors were determined not to reopen the schools until the City was prepared to fulfill its part of the bargain previously agreed to. (These principals, by the way, had been ruled ineligible by a decision of the New York State Supreme Court.)

This time Shanker produced some hard facts to bolster his statements about harassment and intimidation, facts he garnered from a fairly responsible observer sent into the schools by Mr. Donovan. He cited the case of Mrs. Evelyn Farrar, a Negro educator with forty years' experience in the system, herself a teacher appointed by Mr. McCoy, who was locked in her office and kept there all day because she



offered to cooperate with the returning teachers. Shanker charged she was grossly abused while under confinement, declaring that during her imprisonment, the Reverend C. Herbert Oliver, head of the local governing board, participated in what he called "a shocking event." In any case, Mrs. Farrar asked for transfer from the district, a request which was granted immediately. (She has not been available for comment since.)

One union teacher told how he was asked to open the window by the local teacher so that the children could look out and shout "pigs" at the police in the street below. Another said he was warned that his three children would be dead if he didn't leave Ocean Hill. The Reverend Oliver dismissed these "threats" at a meeting of the Hunter College W.E.B. DuBois Club in the following words: "I'm sorry that so many teachers feel that if somebody tells them to drop dead, it is a threat to their lives and they take to the courts." This meeting took place October 16.

On October 17, Intermediate School 271 in Ocean Hill opened its register for adult education in revolutionary Marxism, a course to be conducted by Herman B. Ferguson of the Revolutionary Action Movement. That afternoon some 40,000 teachers, parents and sympathizers gathered in City Hall Plaza demanding that the mayor "keep his promise" to return the teachers to proper teaching assignments in Ocean Hill-Brownsville—or disband the district. At every mention of Mr. Lindsay's name, the crowd booed. Senator Jacob Javits was heckled in a Jewish neighborhood in Brooklyn for the first time in his life for not standing up to the mayor, who was shouted down at a Jewish Center in the same Borough.

Five days after the third strike the schools were still pretty much closed down, parents were getting restive, nerves were frayed, and the entire city population was becoming polarized into pro-Ocean Hill or pro-teacher factions. What rankled was that the teachers felt abandoned by those liberal forces they had rooted for and voted for all their adult lives. The *New York Post* was against them as was the *Times*; Murray Kempton ridiculed them and James Wechsler derided them. Their liberal mayor and their liberal senator had betrayed them. In fact it seemed that the whole country was against them from the far left to the responsible right. They couldn't understand how such disparate forces as the Black Panthers, the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, the Liberal Party, the Maoist Party (Progressive Labor), the pro-Castroites, black fanatics, and assorted racists could join forces with churchmen like the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale in a united front against them.

Meanwhile the children were out in the streets playing desultorily at a time when they felt they should be studying. The mayor was improvising another "impartial committee" to investigate—what? The courts were the scene of show-cause orders for this one or that one to show up and say—what? Powerlessness had descended upon the city. And the schools were closed. The teachers were frightened. And in New York City, the very citadel of liberalism, the races were more separated than ever. □

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Should residency requirements be waived for welfare clients? Yes, says the liberal; no, says the conservative in a lively dialogue on the costs of welfare and its meaning in terms of freedom

A Liberal-Conservative Dialogue

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

LIBERAL: I think the conservative proposal to require a period of residence before anyone can receive welfare payments is cruel and senseless. Why should the welfare client be deprived of the ability to live where he wants, or to change residence as much as other people?

CONSERVATIVE: I do not propose to so deprive him.

L. You do, if you make welfare payments conditional on a period of residence. Obviously anyone dependent on such payments cannot move away if in the new residence these payments are suspended for a year or more. You deprive him effectively, even if not *de jure*, of freedom of movement.

C. I myself live in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Not that I like it here; I would prefer to live in New York; it is dull here; I don't care for the people; also it is cold and rainy.

L. Why don't you move to New York, or better still to California?

C. Well, I am holding a job here which pays me $8,000 a year. I have tried to find something equivalent in New York and in California, but didn't find it. So I prefer to stay here rather than starve in New York.

L. I understand that. But I still don't see why you wish to deprive the welfare client.

C. I am not depriving him. You want to give him a privilege not enjoyed by self-supporting people—by most people. Most people have to live where they can earn an income from employment, or from their business. They move at their own peril; sometimes they cannot move; often when they do move they lose all or part of their income at least temporarily. They risk losing it. The welfare client, on his level, would suffer no more.

L. All right, you do not intend to deprive welfare clients. But you wish to deny them a privilege. It still seems cruel and senseless. These people are certainly miserable enough. Why not give them this privilege which, after all, does not increase the total cost of welfare—what is spent in the new residence will be saved in the old.

C. Certainly if there are no significant added costs, or disadvantages, we should grant this privilege to welfare clients even though others do not ordinarily enjoy it. To explore possible added costs, we must distinguish between people who would move from one welfare roll to another, and people who are not on welfare rolls in the place which they leave but apply for welfare in their new residence.

L. I do not see why this distinction is necessary. We agreed that it would be pointlessly cruel to those who transfer from one welfare roll to the other to keep them waiting—to impose a residence requirement. I would not want either to let people not previously on welfare wait for a year or more before they can receive needed welfare payments, simply because they are new residents. I think that would be cruel.

C. Perhaps. Yet in this case there might be a palpable disadvantage, an added cost. Suppose I make a meager living somewhere. I'm not doing well, and I don't like it but, on the other hand, I'm self-supporting. I do not leave my farm or town only because I make a living there. I know full well that I cannot elsewhere: I do not have the necessary skills. At least I would run a great risk. So I stay self-supporting here. But, if I know that, upon leaving my job here, I can receive welfare payments in a few weeks in New York—I might prefer to go there and stay on the welfare rolls there. In this case your policy has transferred a self-supporting person to the welfare rolls. A long waiting period in the new residence would make this unlikely—it would deter the person in question from leaving his unsatisfactory job until he finds something better.

L. Possibly. But the disadvantage must be weighed against the disadvantage of letting people starve, say, in New York, simply because they have not been there long enough.

C. Quite. Before we do this weighing, let me draw your attention to a previously neglected matter: There are added costs even if a person already on the welfare rolls transfers to a welfare roll elsewhere.

L. He would be getting welfare, by hypothesis, in the place which he leaves and more or less the same amount

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where he goes. The total cost would be the same. I can't see the added cost.

C. There would be no great disadvantage, if welfare clients were to move randomly: if, at least over the long run, about as many would leave any one region or town as move into it. Increases and decreases of expenditure would offset each other for each locality. But the movement is not random: clients move from rural areas and small towns to industrial areas and bigger towns, from the South to the East and West.

L. I ADMIT that this may cause problems about the distribution of the burden. It may seem unfair that some localities have to bear more, others less than before. But we must not reason parochially. The total cost for all localities is unchanged. Further, the distribution of welfare costs before such a movement was not particularly God-given or equitable either: it was an historical accident—just as the new distribution would be. Still, I don't want an excessive tax burden to fall on the places that attract welfare clients; nor do I want cities to compete in making themselves unattractive to welfare clients. It would be best, therefore, to defray the cost of welfare payments altogether through federal subsidies—as is done already to a large extent. In this way the burden will be equitably distributed—the total burden will fall on all citizens without unfair disadvantages for any one region.

C. Are you sure that it is purely a matter of equity?

L. What else? I have already pointed out that the total cost is the same, wherever the welfare clients live.

C. Except for people who are on welfare only because they did move—whether or not that was the purpose of moving.

L. Yes, except for this group.

C. I have to inform you now that even the movement of a person from the welfare rolls of one place to those of another adds significantly to the total cost.

L. Why?

C. Well, the cost of living differs from place to place.

L. Certainly. But I don't think that difference is earth-shaking.

C. It is not insignificant. It costs about three times as much to house a welfare family in New York as it costs to house that family in the rural areas, or even in the small towns they have left.

L. There is something to this but not enough to change my mind.

C. Let me add to it. There are considerable indirect costs—costs that do not show up in welfare expenditures but in the general city budget. As more and more people come to a city, public services must be increased. Usually the added people pay for the added services through their taxes. The welfare clients do not, and the indirect costs of their presence are quite high: public schools, police, housing, social workers, etc.—they add disproportionately to all these costs.

L. But in the total picture aren't these costs occurring, say, in New York, offset by the decreased costs in, say, Oshkosh?

C. They are not. The buildings where these people lived; the schools, the police force, etc. all were already present in Oshkosh—little is saved by non-use. The emigrants do not decrease indirect (as distinguished from direct) costs by their departure; as immigrants they increase indirect costs by their arrival and residence.

L. Do you have any estimate of these additional costs?

C. No, I don't. But it is not hard to see that they are far from negligible.

L. Still, we have to weigh them against the moral and possibly the economic advantages of freedom of movement.

C. We do. But "freedom of movement" here is a loaded term. You suggest that to call attention to the costs of a privilege—which you originally wanted to grant welfare clients (even though self-supporting persons do not have it) because it was supposed to be costless—is to be opposed to this "freedom." This is misleading, at least, exaggerated. Besides, you are not giving them a freedom but placing them in a privileged position to exercise a freedom they already have; to feed the hungry is not to give them "freedom to eat"—it is to help them use it.

Let me offer an illustration: As you know, many Puerto Ricans have come to New York. Most are hardworking citizens. Some are welfare recipients. Either way, most are poor and live in slums. Why do you think they have come to stay in New York?

L. However poor they are, they are better off than where they came from.

C. At least they think so; as did the Irish or Italians who came before. And the Negroes who came from the South. But there are many more where they came from. Why do you think they have not, or not yet, come to New York?

L. I suppose conditions are not now sufficiently attractive in comparative terms, to lead to more immigration than actually takes place.

C. Right. But suppose your liberal (a bad word; "welfarist" would be more accurate) friends had been able to appropriate all the money they wanted to offer public housing accommodations or subsidies to those who were already in New York and live in slums. This might well have made New York more attractive to those Puerto Ricans who are not attracted enough to come now. And it might speed up the immigration of others. The movement into New York and the consequent indirect costs would be multiplied (quite apart from the extra-expenditure that added to the movement in the first place). Do you feel that the residents of New York have an obligation to provide "decent" housing for all indigents, all those who cannot afford to pay for it from their own incomes, yet want to come to New York? The expenditure might be infinite and infinitely self-stimulating. The more housing you provide from public funds, the more people will come.

Perhaps so; but people must have housing wherever they live. Hence I should say the Federal Government—if not the New Yorkers—has an obligation to provide it for those who cannot afford it—and the migration adds little to the cost, for the housing would have to be provided in Puerto Rico, or in the South as well—if we are to be just and charitable. And it would cost no less.

C. YOU OVERLOOK several things. A) real estate is more expensive in New York than in most other places; b) there are the indirect costs which we mentioned before; c) these migrants are not newly born: they move from one place to the other. The housing for the newly immigrated in New York would not have to be built in Puerto Rico; the migrants had accommodations there, public or private. →

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L. Yes, but they were not good enough. That is why they came to New York.

C. Perhaps. But that is the trouble: if we assume the obligation to take care of anyone who comes to New York by your standards, we will have a steadily increasing immigration to New York—and we might have to build housing for most of the population of Puerto Rico.

L. What are those standards you attribute to me? I am not proposing the luxuries you suggest.

C. I'm not suggesting you do. But you did say that you would subsidize a better standard for the migrants, or one no less good, at the least, than they enjoyed at home. That would be quite enough to attract them and create the problem we are discussing—a problem that is insoluble on your premises (if we exclude forced residence, as we should). For even if housing standards are no better than in Puerto Rico or Alabama, New York might remain attractive to those who cannot afford it, as long as things are not much worse than they are at home.

L. What would you do?

C. I think we just have to repudiate the obligation which you so eagerly want to assume. We should help indigent people; but we must not attract them from one place to the other at considerable cost, or provide for them regardless of the effects this will have on additional migration and on additional costs.

L. Then, since you already opposed helping those who have a job and lost it by moving, you now don't want to help those who already were on welfare rolls, if they move?

C. Not quite. In both cases I would use the waiting period—the residence requirement—to deter unwarranted moving. Otherwise I would be willing to help—though I think welfare payments are at present given under scandalously cumbersome and costly procedures, in a way that is both humiliating and likely to reduce the incentive to work. But let that go. I do have some qualifications to the residence requirement which I would impose.

L. What are they?

C. First, I might make emergency provisions—conditional on the return of the applicant to his place of origin, unless he can show good reason for not returning—e.g. reasonable employment prospects.

I would also permit waiving the waiting period for those who immigrate—even though on welfare rolls at home, or even though they have no job promised—provided that before they leave, they advise, say, New York welfare and employment officials of their intention and are not advised that they will not be placed on welfare rolls. The residence requirement should be waived for those who have good employment prospects.

L. Most of them are illiterate.

C. Yes, this whole procedure could take place between their local and New York welfare officials.

L. Suppose they are arbitrarily denied their wishes?

C. I favor reasonable standards along the lines suggested, and appropriate appeal procedure.

L. Still I think you make movement for the welfare client much harder.

C. Perhaps. But please consider two matters. If a person not on welfare leaves a place where he earns an income to go to a big city, he, too, normally inquires and takes precautions and normally moves only if he has a reasonable prospect of earning a living. I do not see why the welfare client—present or future—should be exempt from such precautions which are as helpful to him as to others. Further, the self-supporting person may go elsewhere, or return home, if he can't make his way in New York. Why not the non-self-supporting, when there is no warrant for supporting him more expensively in his new residence?

Finally, let me make a general point: whenever you provide for people, you place some obligation on them—even when you do not intend to. If you provide for all lung cancer patients you will create social concern and finally legal provisions restricting the freedom to smoke or not to smoke. The non-smoker, in the long run, will be unwilling to pay for the harm the smoker inflicts on himself—so he will restrict it or make it difficult.

L. Would you then prohibit smoking, or refuse to provide for the indigent victims?

C. Neither. I would make a reasonable compromise. I would make smoking expensive. No point in reducing care for victims—cancer is not attractive anyway. But welfare provisions might be.

L. We have discussed only one aspect of the matter: the residence requirement. Do you think that is the most important aspect?

C. Far from it. Others are worse and more important: they have contributed to the present mess. To remedy these aspects—which is neither difficult nor costly materially, but would require non-demagogic political leadership—is more important than the matter we have discussed.

L. In this case, why did we not start there?

C. Well, we have to start somewhere. And, you see, I am conservative. I believe one thing should be tackled at a time—if it can be separated from others. And, if I can put you in a reasonable frame of mind on a matter which is comparatively minor but engages your passion, who knows, I might be able to get you to be reasonable on major things next time. □

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CRISIS IN HOUSING

Law, Order and Rent

ROGER STARR

MAYOR John Lindsay was probably thinking about riot and arson when he stated, in response to a television interviewer, that he did not believe in law and order without justice. Himself a parent, he could have been more discreet, remembering that snappy remarks are too often overheard and understood by delicate ears for which they were not intended. The notion that citizens may freely choose to ignore the laws which appear to them unjust has been picked up by others than the low-income residents of slum areas who vent their sense of injustice by occasional breaches of the peace. The mayor's philosophy has been welcomed by residents of government-financed and government-owned housing in Mr. Lindsay's very own jurisdiction. Some of these tenants or tenant-cooperators—or the Board of Directors representing the latter group—have discovered that the Lindsay doctrine provides a comfortable platform to stand on while withholding rent, refusing to pay taxes, or holding back interest or amortization payments on the government's mortgage. The residents, naturally, do not suggest that they prefer to spend their money on something other than rent. They claim that they are merely serving justice, protesting against unreasonably high real estate taxes, against the failure of the government to provide enough policemen or guards at public expense, and against the inflationary spiral of mortgage interest and operating costs. Whatever the motives of the housing residents, their rent and tax strikes pose an interesting political problem to a government pledged to reduce human hardship.

Many New York officials have been able to ignore (in public, at least) the complaints of candy and liquor store proprietors whose possessions have been burned to propitiate the sense of injustice of rioters. After all, shopkeepers are representatives of the "power structure" and should be able to afford an occasional catastrophe. Yet officials' pulses must quicken when residents in government-supported housing developments break their own contractual arrangements, even though they raise a similar cry of justice deferred when they do so. What will happen to the government-owned low-rent housing program when its only source of operating revenues—tenants' rents—is cut off? Will the local Housing Authorities that own such projects dare to evict large numbers of non-paying tenants—remembering that they are not only customers but voters? Will a past purchaser of New York municipal bonds continue to invest money in these obligations when he finds that the government as mortgagee cannot foreclose to protect his investment without giving acute and perhaps inhibiting cramps to elected officials whose livelihood depends on the goodwill of the foreclosed cooperators?

AT THE PRESENT writing, the Limited Profit Housing Company program of the City of New York—a program providing low-cost mortgage money for private builders who agree to accept limited profits for their work—appears to be seriously threatened by protests against which government is moving with only very deliberate speed. Major troubles are breaking out in those Limited Profit Housing Company apartment houses which are cooperatively owned by their residents. These are generally middle-class families who have been able to make down payments of approximately $500 to $600 per room for their apartments, representing 10 per cent of the total cost of land and construction. The balance of the cost was provided by a mortgage loan, and the lenders ultimately turn out to be the holders of municipal bonds issued by the New York State Housing Finance Agency or by the City of New York itself.

Despite the cost shelter provided by low-interest mortgages and partial tax exemption, the monthly cost of housing built under the Limited Profit program has risen steadily since the start of the program in 1955. The rise became precipitous in 1967, thanks largely to the money squeeze and its effect on interest rates. To minimize the effects of this increase, New York's Legislature authorized the City to reduce taxes on Limited Profit developments to about 20 per cent of the normal rate. City officials, briefly masquerading as bankers, have made an effort to apply this tax-forgiving power selectively, so that existing developments in better neighborhoods would pay more taxes than those in neighborhoods which are less attractive to middle-class tenants. This market-based judgment—absolutely normal for profit-motivated business men—struck the higher-taxed cooperatives as an injustice. Within the past few months, the Boards of Directors of fourteen developments have refused to pay all the mortgage payments required; only twelve cooperatives have lived up fully to the terms of their mortgages. Sixteen others remain to be heard from.

Naturally, the City has been complaining to the reluctant Boards of Directors, pointing out that even with the increased rentals, most of the residents are getting very cheap housing as compared with other New Yorkers who live in similar new apartment houses on the private market and pay full taxes. This odious comparison failed to sway many cooperator-directors—at least thus far. They have explained their breach of their agreement by claiming that the government implicitly promised them that their rents would never go up, and by pointing out that some of their resident cooperators are living on fixed incomes. The Boards also point out that many citizens are getting even more privileges than they, and being permitted to violate the laws even more overtly with impunity. How are these extra-legal, but bitingly political answers to be refuted by a government official whose boss is elected not by a banking Board of Directors but by the people themselves?

Whatever the City does about this problem, it finds itself in trouble. If it moves to foreclose the mortgages, it will be taking the building away from its cooperative tenant-owners, the very middle-class families it has been trying to keep in the City by building the housing in the first place. Would any City administration dare to face the

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political consequence? Already Democratic Party councilmen and borough presidents are attacking the Lindsay administration simply for sanctioning rent rises in all types of buildings. How much more damning—under present canons of government conduct—if it caused rent rises itself and actually turned a stony heart to the problems of its customers like any nasty old banker? If New York City government does screw up its courage at this point, who would buy the buildings at a foreclosure sale? What would happen to the rents? The City has other possible courses of action, not so drastic perhaps, but similarly unattractive. The City can remove the Board of Directors elected by the cooperators and replace its members with other cooperators or with City officials. It might start a lawsuit against the present directors, or force them to make mortgage payments by getting a court order. It might act against a single building, relying on the contagion of example to spread word of the dangers of mortgage delinquency. But which elected official will permit a building in *his* constituency to be chosen as the sacrificial lamb? Finally, however, the payments can be made only if the tenant-cooperators pay their rent in full; if they see that the City will be reluctant to foreclose the mortgage, the individual tenant-cooperators may simply refuse to pay enough rent to cover the mortgage costs. What would the City do about it?

The people living in one of these so-called middle-income developments are not apparently different from other members of the general population—owners of one-family homes, for example. They are accustomed to paying their bills; they aren't deadbeats or skips. They have good jobs and many are small businessmen or professional people—lawyers, accountants, teachers. They understand that someone must pay the bills, and many of them could afford to pay the rent increases without seriously disturbing their level of personal expenditures. Why do they feel themselves justified in violating the terms of the lease and flouting the tax laws of the City which has gone to considerable effort to provide them with good homes through special subsidies? The spirit of these times must be partly responsible—giving even the law-abiding a sense of justification in establishing by unilateral action a code by which government will henceforth be bound. These worthy citizens feel that *they* are faithful to the basic principle of the law under which the housing was built, while the City administration has abandoned it by permitting rents to rise in response to economics, just like a stingy old profit-motivated landlord.

As one of their attorneys wrote to Commissioner Carmine Coniglione, of the City's Department of Relocation and Management, who is in charge of operating the Limited Profit Housing Company program: "The Board of Directors cannot therefore resolve as you requested. To do so would be a cruel hoax and a mockery to all our mutual commitments. In short, it seems that the City has failed to gain respect for the 'form' or 'substance' of the public policy and objective."

Raising the rents to make mortgage payments would, in this attorney's opinion, be more "unjust" than failing to keep up the mortgage payments at all. "The City fathers want to keep us middle-income families in the City," said a tenant. "We're just preventing the bureaucrats from destroying the program so that we won't be able to stay." The individual homeowner, lacking the protection of concerted numbers, is generally afraid to withhold his real estate taxes to protest a government policy that he feels to be unjust. If the government forecloses its tax liens, he loses his investment in his home. But when the City goes to the expense and difficulty of financing a middle-income development, the cooperators, in united strength, armored by the temper of a period in which the defiance of unjust laws is laudable, are able to take advantage of the government's own programs.

And Among the Poor . . .

MEANWHILE, another type of government housing is having its troubles with wilful disregard of laws and contractual obligations. This is the housing development intended for low-income families, publicly-owned, and subsidized by cash grants from the Federal Government. Rent strikes are occurring in public housing, and, quite frequently, the city governments which own such

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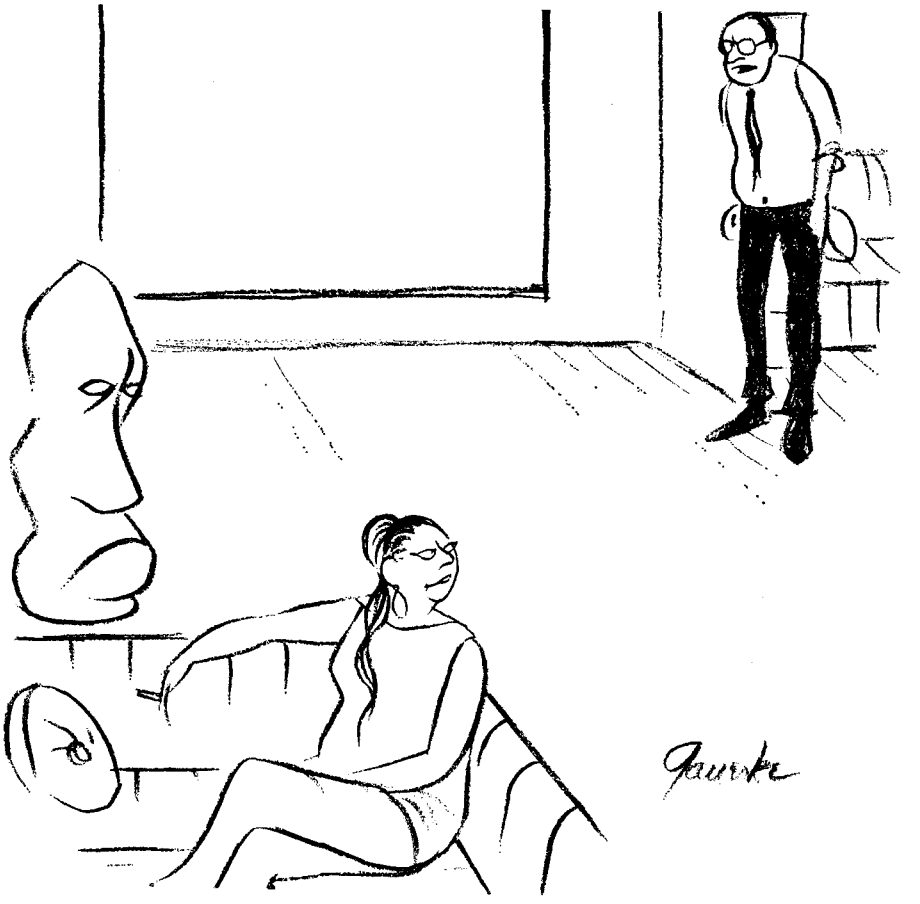

"Stefani, is 'The Times' in the Conversation Pit? It's not here in The Congeniality Cove."

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The New Children's Crusade

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE DREADED DAY—October 27—has come and gone. It has joined the annals of London's two thousand years of history, and, except for the litter in the streets, London is none the worse for it. The event was bound to be an anticlimax; nothing short of a holocaust which reduced the city to a heap of smoking rubble could have matched the advance publicity. What in fact happened, though—or rather what didn't happen—amounted to more than just an anticlimax. It was a triumph for the police, for the nonviolent use of civil power and, if I may say so, for the moderation and phlegmatic good-humor which are still part of the English character.

The build-up to Demonstration Day had really been quite extraordinary. The date itself appears to have been fixed early this year, in consultation with the North Vietnamese delegation, at a meeting of that all-purpose Communist-front organization, the World Federation of Trade Unions. The big anti-Vietnam demonstration last March, which culminated in a major battle round the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, set an ominous precedent. That, we were told, was a picnic compared with what was going to happen now.

As the Day approached, several newspapers, led by the *Times,* ran front-page scare stories, saying that plans were afoot to turn London into another Paris; that government buildings, the BBC, the Stock Exchange and newspaper offices might be taken over; that incendiary bombs were being stockpiled and that acid might be thrown at the police.

In the last 48 hours, London began to take on the aspect of a besieged city. Windows were boarded up in vulnerable shops and offices. Wartime steel shutters were brought out at the Ministry of Defense and vital files were hidden away. The BBC prepared, if necessary, to close down in London and transmit from Birmingham instead. Unobtrusive police guards took up their positions at key points. An extra contingent of U.S. Marines moved into the American Embassy.

The police said they would interfere with the marchers as little as possible, unless harm was being done to people or property; if the demonstrators wanted to sit down in Whitehall, no one would stop them. The demonstrators' own tactics were embodied in a leaflet called "Street Power," which was distributed to the marchers, telling them how to "take the streets" and sweep opposition aside.

The Archbishop of Canterbury issued a characteristic statement, saying how much he sympathized with the marchers' motives but hoping they wouldn't be violent.

Came the Day. A grey Sunday afternoon. As I went towards the assembly point, the rest of London seemed eerily quiet. Then there started to be a lot of people moving in the same direction, and spectators lining the road, many of them with cameras. The atmosphere was cheerfully expectant, as though we were going to a fair. The procession itself was already under way. It looked big, certainly. Estimates vary between 20,000 and 30,000 drawn from at least fifty different left-wing groups. They straggled the entire length of Fleet Street and the Strand. They took about half an hour to pass.

There were the red flags of Communism, the black flags of anarchy and the blue, red and yellow flags of the Vietcong. There was a forest of scrawled placards with a wide range of messages—"Support the Vietnamese People," "Down with American Imperialism," "Break the Fangs of Capitalism," "Save Biafra," "Free Greece," "Freeze Rents not Wages," "Workers' Control," "Labor—take the power," and so on.

But the most-shouted slogan made the demonstrators' sympathies quite clear. Not "Peace in Vietnam" but "Victory for . . . NLF! Victory for . . . NLF!"

The predominant impression was how young they all were—many of them nearer fifteen than twenty, I'd guess—and how universally scruffy. Nor had they learned the lessons of "Street Power." A few groups linked arms and advanced in frightening little rushes, following the currently approved method for rioters: but most just wandered along and could easily have been split up by the police if there had been any trouble. There was no trouble. They burned an Australian flag outside Australia House, and later they burned a Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. They kicked to pieces a couple of wreaths at the Cenotaph and they handed in a petition at No. 10 Downing Street. No one sat down in Whitehall.

THE ONLY VIOLENCE happened when a breakaway group went to Grovesnor Square. The police surrounded the Embassy ten deep, and were continuously reinforced by the policemen who hadn't been needed elsewhere. The militants—a few hundred only—threw fireworks and the poles from their banners, and charged the police line. There were some ugly scuffles, police helmets went flying, a few people were injured, but the line held. Back and forth the battle swayed for several hours. The militants seemed completely lacking in tactical leadership. Finally, after darkness had fallen, they gave up and drifted away.

And that was that.

So, at the end of the Day, what was the score? I don't think it was a good day for the revolutionaries. They have alienated, rather than gained, sympathy. A lot of ordinary people have been startled and shocked by what this demonstration brought out from under the stones. For the first time they realize that the principal activists are not high-minded peace-lovers but conspirators dedicated, however incompletely, to sweeping away the whole structure of ordered society—and never mind who gets hurt in the process.

The mass of the marchers were mere inglorious dupes. It was absurd, pathetic rather than alarming, to hear these babies shouting for anarchism or expressing support for regimes which would have crushed with tanks any similar demonstration in their own cities. What seems to me quite intolerable is that so many educated grown-ups should treat these activities as re-

(Continues on p. 1185)

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE MANDATE OF 1968

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

Because of the exigencies of the journalistic deadline, I am writing this column before election day, although it will not be read until the results are in. I am assuming (although I do not rule out a large enough Wallace vote to throw the election into the House of Representatives) that Richard Nixon will be elected President. I also assume that George Wallace will have run up the biggest vote that any third-party candidate has achieved in this century.

I shall have voted for Nixon as the choice of a preponderantly conservative convention, and as far and away the best of the three candidates. I, like most of his supporters, hope from him a Presidency that will restore order at home and American honor and prestige abroad. Wallace spoke of these things, too, in some ways more forcibly than Nixon. But he spoke and speaks of other things as well. He translates the frustrations, the legitimate fears, of the solid Americans to whom he appeals, into hatred. Not content with castigating the errors of our recent leadership, he appeals to the lowest instincts of the *demos*. By tone, by innuendo, by his whole style, he tries to convert those frustrations into hatred of established institutions and procedures, of the rule of law, of differentiations among men.

The basic instincts of a Birmingham cab driver today may conceivably be better than those of an average Harvard professor or State Department official, but the answer is to restore the civilizational ethos by putting in positions of responsibility and power those who embody it, not to flatter the cab driver that he is as capable as they. So to flatter the *demos* has been the habit of tyrants from Classical Greece to the revolutionaries of this century. And when such tyrants come into power, they sweep away all the time-honored differentiations of civilization to rule with the aid of goons, who are a hundred times worse than the corrupt elite they replace.

The instincts of the people are in general sound. There is no question but that the leading sectors of our society have lost touch with those instincts. But the task of conservatives is, while remaining in consonance with those instincts, to channelize them, to find ways whereby those sound instincts may be expressed without destroying the fabric of society and disrupting the complex arrangements within it that have made civilization possible. The conservative must not, as does Wallace, play to the emotions of the people and stir them up, but, recognizing the legitimate sources of those emotions, guide them to reach a civilized solution.

This is the challenge that faces Richard Nixon as President. He will represent an overwhelming American conservative consensus: not merely his own voters, but most of those who voted for Wallace, and a great many even (remember Chicago: it was not McCarthy who was nominated) of those who voted for Humphrey. No President in the history of the Republic has faced a more difficult task, but no President will ever have had more solid support, if he recognizes the character of his mandate and finds the means to carry it out.

The danger, however, is that, in a commendable desire to preserve the commonwealth by reaching for a consensus, Mr. Nixon, failing to recognize the profound changes that have occurred in American society over the past few years, will not have the imagination to see where the true center of gravity of American society now rests. The path of least resistance is to equate the Wallace votes, on the one hand, with the black militants, the student nihilists and their older intellectual supporters, on the other hand, and to locate the center of gravity equidistant between them.

The influence of three or four decades of Establishment thinking presses heavily toward such a conclusion, if not indeed to a conclusion much more sympathetic to the nihilist Left and much further removed from the concerns of Wallace's broad labor and middle-class constituency. This pressure is compounded by the much greater access the nihilists, black and white, have to the media of mass communications than have ordinary Americans whose fears and hopes may have made them turn to Wallace.

The Conservative Impulse

But the true center of gravity rests in the essentially undifferentiated continuum of the great producing majority of Americans, extending from most of the Wallace voters through the Nixon voters to a large number of those Democrats who, rejecting McCarthy and McGovern, have supported Humphrey and Johnson. Among them are many differences—on emphases, on priorities, on specific measures. But fundamentally they are united by an essentially conservative impulse, prejudice, insight—call it what you will. They want above all civil peace, no matter how they may differ on the relative role of force and other methods necessary to achieve it. They want an honorable and powerful American presence in a world beset by Communist aggressions, no matter how they may differ on the complex problems of a successful resolution of our Vietnam engagement. They do not want massive social experiments financed by taxes on their hard-won earnings. And they desperately want defense against the nihilism that would destroy the very structure of their lives.

This is the mandate of the electorate. To fulfill it will require the utmost in imagination, firmness, and devotion to the American tradition. To fail to recognize and act on that mandate could plunge America into massive social chaos. □

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A New Gnostic Kook Book

JEFFREY HART

Education and Ecstasy
By George B. Leonard
Delacorte, $5.95

Run, don't walk, to the nearest telephone. Call Eric Voegelin. There has just surfaced in Southern California a Gnostic so pure that he ought to be measured, photographed, and exhibited everywhere.

It is entirely appropriate that so pristine, so unmodulated a Gnostic should appear there, where the cultural context is so thin as to provide little mediation, little restraint, no atmospheric sense of limitation and probability. The sun beats down. The hot wind blows in across the desert. As Joan Didion recalls: "The Forty Winks Motel: Nineteen Stucco Tepees; SLEEP IN A WIGWAM—GET MORE FOR YOUR WAMPUM." Big Sur. Disneyland. Bishop Pike. LSD. A woman says that she was "not surprised" to hear her husband announce his divorce plans over the Les Crane Show. Joan Baez. At the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions William O. Douglas, Supreme Court Justice, is in a deep-think seminar with Dinah Shore.

The sun beats down. All of a sudden it occurs to you that Ike is a Communist, that you are being poisoned by fluorides, that gliders are disgorging thousands of Chinese infantrymen in the Mexican desert. In this context, George Leonard is not surprising; he is virtually a conformist. He too has a vision.

Eric Voegelin, you will recall, traces the roots of Gnosticism to the expectation of the original Christian disciples that the coming of the Kingdom of God was imminent. They were wrong. The orthodox tradition, articulated by St. Augustine, "dismissed the literal belief in the millennium as 'ridiculous fables' and then boldly declared the realm of the thousand years to be the reign of Christ in His church in the present saeculum that would continue until the Last Judgment and the advent of the eternal realm in the beyond." Nevertheless, there has persisted an underground, chiliastic, millennial tradition which has surfaced in a variety of apocalyptic movements. Through direct inspiration, through revolution, through magic, through genocide, through science, through drugs, through psychoanalysis, the human condition would be completely transformed, the corrupt old society would fade, would wither away, and we would be reborn NOW. George Leonard is going to do it through education.

ALL OF THE GNOSTIC elements are present in his book. He totally detests the historic Western culture, the entire *modus vivendi* since Greece and Rome, and even further back. "Someday (a thousand, a hundred years from now, or perhaps even tomorrow) men may look back at all these last 150 centuries as a darkly tragic if necessary transition period." We are now about to "bring to an end the long Dark Age called 'Civilization' . . . Civilization, the period that began some 15,000 years ago, is over."

Alongside Leonard, Oswald Spengler is a piker. Ah, the grand sweep of it all! Fifteen thousand years! Still, the prophet's grand negation descends from time to time to details. The study of Greek and Latin was and is useless, a mere aristocratic affectation: after all, the stuff is available in translation. Religion as we have known it is merely a system of delayed rewards, a mere—to coin a phrase—opiate of the masses. "Doctrines" and "schools of thought" are only "enemies of human development." Reason and conscience just internalize the whip of the ancient slavedriver. Western culture imposes on us a tyrannical "dominance of symbols over personal feeling." Western culture inculcates aggression, competitiveness, and acquisitiveness—all bad things. "Organized religion" is a fraud. Western culture cuts us off from "a rich sensory universe."

Even football and baseball are malevolent things, candidates for the dust-bin of history. Leonard peers into the future: "The games of limitation—which include most of the sports of Civilization—faded so rapidly after the late 1980s that the lined area disappeared from the playfield a couple of years ago. . . . Baseball, indeed, characterizes much that has passed away. Its rigid rules, its fixed angles and distances, shape players to repetitive stereotyped behaviors." I wonder whether you can guess what the major sport will be in Leonard's millennium? Brace yourself: the ideal is tossing a Frisbee. In case you miss the point of all this, Leonard obligingly spells it out: "Our society knows little about [joy]. In fact, every civilization in our direct lineage has tended to fear and shun it as a threat to reason and order." We "are being daily cheated, and perhaps the social system that so ruthlessly steals our birthright *should* be overthrown."

TO BE SURE, a pedant like myself might point out that Leonard is ridiculously ignorant of the civilization he so detests. Wherever he touches it, he blunders. It is more than a little embarrassing to have a writer on education give such clear evidence that he is not educated. "The fact of the matter," observes Leonard, "is that *anyone* who makes a responsible and systematic study of the human animal eventually feels the awe that moved Shakespeare to write: 'What a piece of work is a man!

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how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!' " Oh yes. But Hamlet speaks these lines in a play crowded with murder, incest, treachery, usurpation, lechery, suicide and madness. In such a context the lines can scarcely be read as a straightforward expression of Shakespearean "awe," and, in fact, one of the principal things the play does is confront such humanistic optimism with a tragic knowledge of human depravity. That confrontation is one of the things the play is *about*. In this light, "What a piece of work is a man" is susceptible of another reading altogether. But the odds are that Leonard took the quotation from Bartlett.

Elsewhere, he ignorantly describes Milton's Satan as "gloriously unrepentant," whereas even a cursory reading of the text—even the Miltonic passage Leonard quotes—reveals that he is a liar, a demagogue, and a faulty reasoner. In view of the sort of grip Leonard has on these things we are not surprised when, in describing the school of the future, he suggests that most of the "traditional" subject-matter can be learned in the first couple of years of a child's schooling. When you know this little, care this little, about a culture and a civilization, it doesn't bother you much to toss them off.

WE NEED, announces the Prophet George grandly, "a new human nature." His prescription is trite: the old civilization is blocking the human potential, therefore liberate the potential by getting rid of the civilization. When we have gotten rid of this incubus, we will find that "the limits of human ability lie beyond the boundaries of the imagination; that every human being uses only a tiny fraction of his abilities . . . that all men are somehow one with God." When man has been liberated, his continuing experience will be ecstatic. He will no longer be aggressive, acquisitive, or competitive, for he *learned* these things from Western culture. The millennium is to appear under the auspices of science and technology. Computers, brain research, TV consoles, free-learning environments and the like, are going to bring us to the Promised Land.

Leonard's hatred for our civilization comes out in a chapter in which he describes one prescription for our ills—the so-called "encounter." Brace yourself. At Big Sur in California there exists an entity called the Esalen Institute, of which Leonard is vice president. It is devoted, naturally, to "experimentation." Alongside the Esalen Institute, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions resembles, say, Magdalen College. One thing they do at Esalen—just to give you the flavor of the place—is hold so-called "encounters." The idea is to bring together a couple of dozen people—men and women, black, white, yellow, etc.—and invite them to step outside civilization; keep them together for an extended period, tell them to say anything at all to one another, place a premium on their expressing their "true selves." In Burke's phrase, all the decent drapery of life is torn off. Insults fly. Screams. People burst into tears. Meals are sent in. They take sauna baths, and return to the fray. After a day or so of this they are, naturally, emotionally exhausted. They seem to feel that they have had a profound experience.

Of course the "encounter" is merely one way of violating the conventions and manners which constitute so important a part of the fabric of civilization, and which, in allowing us to live together equably, are really an institutionalization of human kindness. Leonard's hatred of ordinary civility is one instance of a generalized Gnostic aggressiveness against the West which is the truth behind his mask of benevolence.

It comes as no surprise that the founder of Esalen, somebody named Michael Murphy, "has spent nine years of ascetic study and contemplation in the Eastern disciplines." It also comes as no surprise that the "encounter" idea has been taken up by the Episcopal Diocese of California; or that George Leonard is a Senior Editor of *Look* Magazine. As they say, it figures.

Education and Ecstasy is a kook performance from cover to cover, even down to physical details. The fact that the book was designed by a man named Kamp, and that the jacket photo of the author was taken by one John Poppy, only adds to the fun. □

FICTION

Morning Noon and Night
By James Gould Cozzens
Harcourt, $5.95

The First Circle
By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
Harper, $10.00

The Photographer
By Pierre Boulle
Vanguard, $4.95

A Small Town in Germany
By John Le Carré
Coward-McCann, $6.95

PARABLES FROM INSIDE

GUY DAVENPORT

What, one wonders, would James Gould Cozzens sound like translated into Russian? His new novel lies on my desk cheek by jowl with that of Comrade Solzhenitsyn which is being published in every civilized tongue (except Russian). Solzhenitsyn's text is a copy of a copy of a copy, and may well have been slipped out of Russia by the KGB for purposes of entrapment. Solzhenitsyn himself may right now be on the thirty-day-long cattle-car trip to Siberia. Sol-

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zhenitsyn's audience is the world. Mr. Cozzens' audience is—well, imagine what Yakov Goldovitch Kozzenz might sound like to a Soviet reader. Is he an idealist? Is he *kulturny, razvitoi*? Why does he write about such insignificant things? Why is there no dialogue until page 72? Is he exposing the greyness of capitalist life? Does his protagonist who is so gentle and mild and disillusioned not know that there's more to life than money and revery?

Mr. Cozzens, dear Russian, is puzzling to us, too. His audience is the one called (by one of our liberal writers given to Soviet acronyms) *masscult*. Yet he writes far too subtly for his audience, who apparently love him for writing over their heads. In this new novel he has even decided to rev his art up by noting that the form of the novel has had a few innovations since George Eliot which he might, with judicious modification, appropriate, and has enlisted a toned-down version of Conrad's nonsequential plots. It is rather as if Norman Rockwell dared risk a few touches here and there in the manner of Cézanne.

The charming, unfocusing haze in which Mr. Cozzens wraps his subject is assuredly a fog of sentimentality, and yet there is something fetchingly acrid about it—the sting of irony is there, too. His glossy ease has an ostentation to it that signals the real artist who just happens to like to work this way. He is our William Dean Howells. In this new novel he allows a rich, silk-lined old cooter to recall his posh life in cagily recovered vignettes; a naughty bit of youthful foolishness here, an illustrative snippet of family history there.

The life thus teased into place as a sustained memory is both typical and by other novelists neglected. We have to admit with a defeated sigh that Mr. Cozzens' portrait of an elderly American businessman is as true as life and as honest an account of an old man's bemused tranquility as we are likely to come across again. There is an admirable purity to James Gould Cozzens; his fiction is a kind of ultimate fulfilment of the beginning of realism in *Robinson Crusoe*. The *vérité* of it all is not to be argued with; but still, I suppose, we can ask why we are being told this story and not another; the answer to which is: *You don't have to listen.*

SOLZHENITSYN, on the other hand, holds our attention like a newsflash. *The First Circle*, even in the hastily translated and perhaps botched copy which Harper has hustled into print, is a novel in the grand old manner of the Russian masters. It projects a world. It is also an extremely modern novel, like nothing we have seen before. The reality it describes of concentration camps, secret police, and the rich bureaucracy of Moscow is as strange as science fiction; and its central plot of scientists enslaved and continuing to do research seems to belong to an order of being other than any we might conceive of.

The first circle of Dante's hell contains virtuous men who lived before Christ; they "live in desire but without hope." Solzhenitsyn's *zeks* (Soviet slang for *prisoners*) work in the Mavrino Special Prison, or *sharashka*, a few miles outside Moscow where scientists who are suspected of being less than *bolshoi* red through and through work under constant surveillance. They are working on a voice encoder for Stalin (from science magazines bought on newsstands in New York), and on a voice-graph machine by which to identify the speakers of recorded conversations. The one is to make the government even more secretive and the other, people even more defenseless. The *zeks* are aware that they are simply helping to fill more prisons. At the time of which Solzhenitsyn writes (1949), there were more political prisoners in Russia than there were people in France.

The *zeks* for the most part were children during the Revolution, and were thus raised solely on Marxist pabulum. But they speak the exact language of science, and look on the world with the scientist's clear-eyed gaze that has landed them where they are. Solzhenitsyn himself is a mathematician and was a twice-decorated artillery officer with a brilliant record before he was arrested for making the most guarded remarks (in a private letter to a friend) about Stalin's reptilian nature. They are not criminals; they are men who in the torturous minds of the secret police would be disposed to commit crimes if they were free, i.e., decline to agree with official propaganda. Thus their incarceration is in many ways the proof of their innocence and human good will. It is only now becoming indisputably clear that Russia under the Soviets has been more unjust to its people than any other régime known to history.

Of all Solzhenitsyn's sharply drawn 47 characters (there are seventy in *War and Peace*), none is more carefully delineated than Stalin himself. He is shown once only, working at 2 A.M. on what must be his oddest contribution to the world, a treatise on the languages of the Union. (I once saw this work, in several volumes, on a scholar's shelves, and wondered what luckless pedant was its real author; Solzhenitsyn, with what puckish glee who knows, takes it to be the authentic labor of The Best of All Rulers). He is old, paranoid, sly, cruel, and, as if to justify for all time the eleven years Solzhenitsyn spent in prison, convincingly reptilian.

Only the mice in the wainscoting know more about Stalin when he was alone; no one reading these pages will ever again disparage the imagination of an artist. Nor is Stalin the novel's only real character: the very first to be introduced, Victor Semyonovich Abakumov, happens also to be first in the index to Robert Conquest's *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties*, just published and wherein Abakumov's case is recorded. If Solzhenitsyn's only novel to be published in Russia, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, was useful to Khrushchev as an anti-Stalinist document, *The First Circle* is directed at the entire Soviet experiment and system, condemning, with dignity and a philosophically controlled passion, its poisonous hypocrisy and leaden tyranny. For us it is one of the century's bitterest novels.

IT SEEMS pertinent to include in this review two novels, one good and one sort of trashy, that warn the West away from downward roads. The trashy one is by Pierre Boulle, who wrote *The Bridge over the River Kwai*, and who for all his thinness has come up with some moral conundrums worthy of consideration. In *The Photographer* he considers a news photographer who knows of an attempt on a statesman's life and who connives with the assassin in order to get the best picture of his career. The subject lends itself to broader application, and has pertinent overtones.

The good novel is John le Carré's newest spy meller, all about the backstairs of the British embassy in Bonn and the dangers of having smug answers to what's behind espionage. It would be unethical to spill the plot, except to say that it adds up to a fairly sophisti-

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cated study of consciences and loyalty, and is designed to keep you guessing right up to the last page when, to note an admirable *tour de force*, the novel's central character makes his first appearance. □

A History of Warfare
By Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein
World, $12.95

EXEMPLARY MILITARY HISTORY

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

For the general reader, Lord Montgomery's book is the most useful one-volume work on military history that this reviewer has seen. It contains a wealth of information about war, warriors and weapons, covering the whole spectrum of recorded history from ancient times to our own atomic age. Its special value lies in its combination of exhaustive research with a lively and readable style, which informs the reader without the mental fatigue induced by all too many military historians. The author's foreword suggests the origin of this happy achievement: it appears that the Field Marshal engaged the services of two twenty-one-year-old history graduates as his research assistants. "They helped to keep me young in my old age," he observes, and they obviously helped infect his pages with the spirit of youth as well.

Two opening chapters on the nature of war and on generalship provide a useful prelude to the historical sections. The latter follow, perhaps inescapably, the standard sequence starting with Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, and extending through the Middle Ages to the evolving era of modern military technology, which began with the invention of gunpowder and is still with us in its present awesome complexities. The author has, however, managed to weave in a refreshing amount of information about the military past of Asian peoples (Mongols, Chinese, Japanese, Indians), which most English-language military historians deal with chiefly in relation to Asian encounters with Western nations.

A most valuable feature for the modern reader is Montgomery's persistent effort to maintain a clear perspective in relating the political objectives of warring nations to the military results achieved by the wars he describes. He does not confine himself to mere military narrative, but—like little Peterkin listening to the story of the battle of Blenheim—keeps asking: "What good came of it at last?"

WAR, HE INSISTS, is too serious a thing to be left entirely either to military men or to politicians. "The truth is that in modern war the closest cooperation between the two is vital, and where it is lacking the desired outcome of a war will always be in doubt. . . . Until political leaders can find some sensible way of settling international disputes, war will remain with us. [When it comes], all must understand that the responsibility for the higher direction of the war lies in political hands. But . . . it is vital that the political aims and the military strategy be clearly defined in simple language which cannot be misunderstood. Commanders-in-chief having been selected wisely, directives must be given to them in such terms. The issue then passes to the generals—who must be backed to the utmost." Montgomery notes with special bitterness that "only Stalin got what he sought from World War II, because his military decisions (unlike those of the Western allies) were taken against the background of a definite political

policy: Russian domination in Europe and the stamp of Communism as far to the west as possible." Americans of today, one might add, may note with equal bitterness that had Montgomery's time-proven principles of politico-military responsibility governed our direction of the war in Vietnam, that war would almost certainly have ended successfully two years ago.

For the immediate future, given a background of effective nuclear deterrence, Montgomery believes that for the Western Alliance "the problem of defense lies basically in the ability to use sea and air power freely, and to confine the enemy to a land strategy." He reminds his readers that "in all history, the nation which has had control of the seas has, in the end, prevailed." And that too is refreshing, coming from an old infantry soldier! □

War and Peace in the Global Village
By Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore, Co-ordinated by Jerome Agel
McGraw-Hill, $5.95
Through the Vanishing Point
By Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker
Harper, $7.50
McLuhan: Pro & Con
Edited by Raymond Rosenthal
Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95

THE CHARLATAN AS SAINT

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Every age has its Mickey Mouse. The attraction of a highbrow clown like Marshall McLuhan is that he absolves us from feeling superior, a cardinal crime today, and allows us to descend into the marketplace; should we hesitate to confer our blessing on Pop Art or the Beatles, then Madison Avenue's favorite ("Pentecostal") philosopher will perform the oblation for us. Technology is given a heart.

I should declare ambivalent interest. My 1954 study of popular iconography, *Parade of Pleasure*, praised a then unknown, and remaindered, book called *The Mechanical Bride* in which McLuhan saw the idiocies of advertising from beneath, but which now he disowns, though his nonbooks under review imitate its format. Secondly, one of my own essays appears in Raymond Rosenthal's excellent anthology of this iridescent second coming.

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Random Notes

■ Poetry and Poets: Ezra Pound, still at it, offers *Drafts and Fragments, Cantos 110-117* (New Directions, $3.75); the revised edition of his *Spirit of Romance* is now available in paperback (New Directions, $2.45); and after twenty years of research, Prof. Earle Davis brings forth *Vision Fugitive: Ezra Pound and Economics* (Kansas, November, $6.95). . . . Rolfe Humphries has translated Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* as *The Way Things Are* (Indiana, January, $7.50). . . . *A Look Around the Estate* is Kingsley Amis' poems, 1957-67 (Harcourt, $3.95).

Hitherto neglected, *The Selected Poems of Herman Melville* are available in paperback (Arcturus, $2.45). . . . Lawrence Ferlinghetti's best-selling, and engaging, book of poems, *A Coney Island of the Mind,* has been done into a handsome, slipcased gift edition, just in time for the holidays (New Directions, $5). . . . The light, sour verse of Judith Viorst—sort of a rhymeless latter-day Dorothy Parker—is gathered in *It's Hard to Be Hip Over Thirty and Other Tragedies of Married Life* (World, $3.95). . . . Leonard Baskin has selected poems from Blake's *Auguries of Innocence* and done wood engravings to suit (Grossman, $5; special limited, signed and all that edition, $100).

■ Drool! Useful in the kitchen but destined for the coffee-table are *The Horizon Cookbook and Illustrated History of Eating and Drinking through the Ages,* six hundred recipes with lavish illustrations compiled by William Harlan Hale (Doubleday, $12.95 to Christmas and $16.50 after; deluxe edition, boxed, $22.50/$25), and Luigi Carnacina's *Great Italian Cooking*—nine hundred pages, 750 pictures, 2,300 recipes (Abrams, $22.50 to Christmas, $25 after). . . . Also lovely to behold are the Time-Life "Foods of the World" cookbooks, now available only by mail but soon to be sold in bookstores. First five are Provincial France, America, Italy, Scandinavia and (by Joseph Wechsberg) Vienna; coming in the spring: China, Latin America, Germany (by Nika Standen Hazelton) and Wines and Spirits (by Alec Waugh) ($6.95 each, including separate pamphlets that repeat all recipes so you won't gum up the nice books).

The New York Times Large Type Cookbook is useful not only for the myopic, but also for those who don't want to stop work to consult the recipes (Golden Press, $9.95). . . . Spicy: *Annemarie's Personal Cookbook,* which mixes favorite White House dishes and backstairs Kennedy gossip; Jackie fired the author for writing it (Delacorte, November, $6.95). . . . Useful: *Whiskey in the Kitchen* by Emanuel and Madeline Greenberg (Bobbs-Merrill, $10); *Game in the Kitchen,* including how to skin and clean it, and a recipe for seal flippers, by Barbara Flood and William C. Roux (Barre, $7.50); *The Pyromaniac's Cookbook,* for *flambéeing* everything from appetizers to dessert, by John J. Poister (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . Sublimely ridiculous: Jean Gordon's *The Art of Cooking with Roses,* which are, she says, rich in Vitamin C (Walker, $4.95).

What Rosenthal's collection shows is that the time is past to trade punches with an intellectual hood, whose faulty analogies, hypergeneralizations, reinterpretations, misquotations and misunderstandings of texts attain at times a kind of genius: "We here confront," as Kenneth Burke gently puts it, "a mere matter of terministic policy."

In an investigation of McLuhan's "Aladdin's ring" of James Joyce, Nathan Halper finds error after error, with the word *modern* used five times on a single page to carry five different meanings. Joyce is used to dignify page after page of the (oxy)moronic *War and Peace in the Global Village,* while *Through the Vanishing Point* is a fantastic self-genuflection, consisting mainly of paintings, poems and ads facing sophomoric saws plagiarized from Himself—"Like Spencer [sic], Yeats includes the audience in the ritual by making it happen now." Oh God.

So our vices are turned into virtues, all is forgiven. Idiocy is made over into ecstasy in a hypermania whose huge elation is but the pathological convex of man's distress at being turned into a mechanism (for, as with the toothpaste ads, there is surely something well-nigh demented about this excess of enthusiasm). McLuhan's "pro" critics are not such at all, but exponential extensions of McLuhan, all allegedly probing not packaging, while McLuhan himself, of course, is simply an extension of Madison Avenue, to which he now sells a profitable newsletter. To cite Halper's summary, "As the word is nowadays used, he may be called an expert." Thanks, Nate.

Furthermore, if the new books aren't such, both being shared, edited (uh . . . "co-ordinated") and intercalated with misquotations, we may justifiably ask ourselves when is McLuhan McLuhan? In *On the Wisdom of Words* I referred to *The Gutenberg Galaxy* as an anthology. So here does John Simon, calling this work "about three quarters quotations," while Christopher Ricks characterizes this same "guided missal" as "a running anthology from those historians who really did the work." Is this packaging or probing? Or is it simply stealing?

By now it does not matter. Judging from Rosenthal's anthology, the intellectual community has opted out from under this amusing mountebank, even an admirer, Hugh Kenner, confessing that "if content is negligible so are facts." If a word means five different things each time it's used, we end up with yet another thick jeer at language itself, one more smear of spittle on the steady effort of human communication.

For it is always too late to repair the ravages of intellectual hooliganism. Chasing a lie only gives it legs. From his plutocratic Fordham Chair, McLuhan must double with mirth as we critics labor in his frothing wake, learnedly diving after all the bricks he's dropped. His contracts are said to be exercises in the higher accountancy. Ted Roszak's brilliant "Summa Popologica" doubtless gravels McLuhan as Madison Avenue grovels. So when the excitable Tom Wolfe yips, "What if he's right?," Ricks rightly retorts that McLuhan can't be anything but right "since by now he's committed himself to contradictory opinions on every-

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thing." As a pro-McLuhan colleague put it to me the other day, with a pitying smile and the latest batch of freshman Philo papers under one arm, "Of course, he's so easy to fault." Hah.

McLuhan is not important for having told us that our children were the first to grow up on television. *Family Circle* (which has now, of course, enshrined him) had been telling us the same for years. But McLuhan comes on like an extension of advertising, and American optimism. If you say it, it will happen. And all that happens *is* happening, baby (i.e. should happen). This is the quickest way of admiring ourselves in mirrors, and of adopting Tasso's Law—*"S'ei piace ei lice"* (If you like it, it's okay).

Yet, even if McLuhan's bubble has by now been burst as rudely as was poor Colin Wilson's, we have to live with his aftermath, a capitulation of intellectual responsibility which threatens to turn our urban universities into so much schooling for McLuhmania, viz. Madison Avenue plus social work. For two centuries now the artist has worn the hairshirt of the apostle of freedom. This has turned into a golden fleece. The great dream of liberty and innocence (which parenthetically caused Baudelaire to examine the way a child broke up a toy) has now become institutionalized. All the arguments for total liberty, if not all the effects, are in; and yet, by maddening paradox, the ceaseless rote of change, impersonating technological progress, introduces new laws and fails to unify our life satisfactorily. Today's sensation turns into tomorrow's *ennui* in our very hands, and we cannot find form in a fragmented world. We have come to heed Babbitt's warning the hard way, "Nothing is more tiresome than stale eccentricity."

The liberal mandate in the arts has to demand yet madder music, stronger wine, until they come to resemble a very Bedlam, whereat Madison Avenue (to say nothing of our 'Erbie) can give them a contented blessing. Without criticism they can operate. Criticism derives from education, and liberal education is fast turning into current affairs, as one genial colleague of mine suggests an academic course in pornography (with "field work" perhaps?), another a study of horror movies (both courses currently proceeding, I might add, at the New School). Still another requires all classes to be by discussion. It is here, among the pseudo-educated, that McLuhan's literary Lysistrata has done its damage, causing our contemporary nihilism to whirl a little faster. Although unrepresented here, Jacques Barzun put it best, and, one hopes, forever—"The tedium is the massage." □

Memoirs: Sixty Years on the Firing Line
By Arthur Krock
Funk & Wagnalls, $10.00

GENTLEMAN JOURNALIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL

NEAL B. FREEMAN

There seems to me to be only one intelligent approach to the problem of the *New York Times*, and that is to read it religiously but to flagellate yourself for doing so. You can function in this world without *Newsweek* or the *Economist* or *Ramparts*, but to know what's happening you simply must read the *Times*. And by definition, if it's not in the *Times*, it's not happening—your own empirical evidence notwithstanding. Which, taken by itself, is all right because somebody has to do the editing; the butcher and the baker don't have time to sift through stacks of raw wire copy for themselves. What is wrong is that all *Times* editors think alike, write alike and, if they are what they eat, eat alike. The result is a perfectly impersonal printout of the programmed *Times* mentality. Every day.

What maintains sanity through the endless drip-drop of *Times* opinion is the lurking presence of the human factor, the bizarre possibility that somebody may go off the shallow end. There are precedents. It develops that a young reporter named Gay Talese can write circles around his superiors; he soon leaves to write a book about the *Times*. Russell Baker is sprinkled into the editorial mix and it turns out he really is an iconoclast. A fire-breathing social egalitarian named Bob Lipsyte shows up in the sports pages of all places. Drew Middleton on the diplomatic beat emits distinctly anti-establishmentarian signals. It happens, and when it does the catacombs brighten a bit.

Perhaps one day we will even have another Arthur Krock, the doughty Washington correspondent who retired two years ago after more than twenty years as bureau chief and a harvest of three Pulitzer Prizes. Krock was truly a phenomenon: an unshakable reporter, a gritty critic, a man of tremendous reserves of self-reliance and Southern gentility. He went to Washington in the Taft Administration, but lest we think him a newcomer, he quickly adds that he knew Teddy Roosevelt, too. In all, Krock knew eleven Presidents, perhaps the only man alive and writing today who can make that statement. His memoirs are worth reading if only for the panorama of his personal response to the men who made this century.

KROCK TOOK OVER the *Times* bureau in 1932, the same year Franklin Roosevelt took over the White House. No less than FDR, Krock took pleasure in exercising the power of *his* office, which even in those days could offer stiff challenge to political opposition foreign and domestic. If the Washington bureau could not yet bring down cabinet members and foreign governments, it could give them a run for their lobbyists' money. Krock's battles with FDR were stormy and became legend, building a psychological model for journalistic objectivity. Krock always kept his politicians at arm's length, even JFK whom he had known as a boy and to whom he had offered editorial advice on his first book (a courtesy extended also to RFK when he first published). Some of the best writing in this volume works out of Krock's lingering animus against the Second New Deal, which Krock found it impossible to forgive, and his clear-eyed criticism of the New Frontier, which he undertook with a special boldness precisely because of his long-standing friendship with the Kennedy family.

To those who read Krock in the *Times* it may smack of faint praise to identify these passages as "some of the best writing" in the book. Krock was not known as a stylist but rather as a meticulous, even plodding reporter, albeit with a treasury of rhetorical allusion. I read him for ten years and only once caught the flicker of fun, mischief and good humor he frequently displays here: the episode of the Pakistani camel driver, which penetrated the Presidential epidermis. But, while it must be admitted that Krock is not completely at

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home in the narrative form—his sixty years on the firing line have produced only this book and two collections—he can be an engaging storyteller and a graceful writer. He is especially invigorating when working over hostile ideas: the "judicial autocracy" of the Court, the "spoiled generations" which have none of his own dignity and self-confidence, the lust for "total integration," the "neosocialist welfare state," "licentiousness in literature and personal conduct," the "seepage of editorial attitudes" into the news reporting of his beloved *New York Times*. It was perhaps Krock's reaction to this last development that led *Times* publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger to accuse Krock of answering the paper's editorials in his own column, a felony charge in *Times* terms. Krock persisted and Sulzberger desisted, which says something about both of them.

RUNNING THROUGH this fat volume is, as one would expect, a rich vein of news breaks. Krock kept confidential memoranda on his thousands of talks with government officials and he opens many of them to public view for the first time. Five of the most important by my reckoning are these: 1) Clark Clifford's famous 1946 memo to Truman that formed the basis of the Marshall Plan and set out the basic lines of American strategy in the cold war; 2) FDR's attempts to set up a meeting with Hitler; 3) JFK's incredible ten-week delay after receiving the CIA's report that offensive missiles had been installed in Cuba (the Schlesinger-Sorensen books were pre-emptive strikes on this and other subjects but the truth may out, and when it does the S-S version may unravel all the way back to the frame); 4) Vice President Nixon's attempts to persuade Ike to commit U.S. troops to Vietnam, a policy Ike refused to prescribe (Krock, surprisingly, is critical of almost everybody involved in the decision to defend Vietnam); 5) the "real" story of LBJ's nomination as Vice President in Los Angeles. Krock's version leans heavily to the theory that the man who needed persuading was not LBJ but Sam Rayburn, still very much Johnson's mentor even when Johnson was in his halcyon Senate days. The marrow of Krock's version was printed in the *Times* in 1965, but his contemporaneous memorandum makes interesting reading if only as an example of Krock's reportorial enterprise. Almost 82, Arthur Krock, a gentleman in the old Kentucky tradition, can look back on a long lifetime devoted to making the *New York Times* a better newspaper. He did. And with this volume, with its relentless professionalism, its unblinking objectivity, its scorn for smart-aleck journalism, he continues the effort. □

SCIENCE FICTION

Isle of the Dead
By Roger Zelazny — *Ace, 60¢*

The Two-Timers
By Bob Shaw — *Ace, 60¢*

Picnic on Paradise
By Joanna Russ — *Ace, 60¢*

Synthajoy
By D. G. Compton — *Ace, 60¢*

A HAND FULL OF ACES

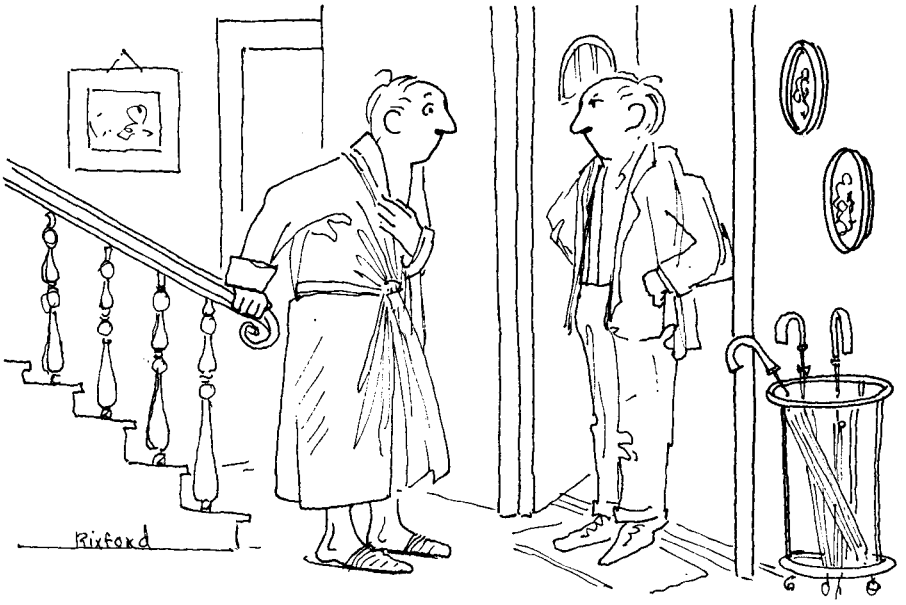
THEODORE STURGEON

It is interesting, from time to time, to back off from specific books and get the slightly wider perspective of a specific publisher's books. Publishers grow and change and exhibit phases, as do all viable entities. Some have refined safe dependability to the point of ritual, after their joints are full of genteel calcium. Some go unabashedly after the yahoo buck, appearing on the empty lot at the corner full of dazzle and hairy switchbacks, and, like a traveling carnival, are gone some morning soon, leaving behind them a dwindling vertigo and some sweet indigestion. Some channel all the words they buy to a point of view and/or to a minority obsession; and all of them, to one degree or another, have their periods of flowering and fructification.

In the last couple of years something has been moving and growing in the science fiction wing of Ace Books. I am not intimately familiar with its staff or its policy decisions, but I can detect in this notable development the dynamic drive of young Terry Carr, a very good writer and an indefatigable hunter, finder, and nag. Along with their regular sf line, they produce what they call "Ace Science Fiction Specials," until now shrewdly branded with a 2¼-in. square of all but audible op-pop guaranteed to nudge you from three and a half aisles away in your favorite supermarket, plus a similar small square of most interesting art by Leo and Diane Dillon. Behind these unusual covers are the likes of these:

ZELAZNY'S *Isle of the Dead*. Is there any reader of these pages who is not yet familiar with this extraordinarily talented and prolific young writer? If so, be assured that to fall into any of his books is to find oneself in good, strong, poetic, provocative hands, and that *Isle of the Dead* will please you. Permit me then to use my space to laud him for his asides, quite as much as he has been justly lauded for his central substance; *id est*:

> Inwardly I wept for thee, Mother Earth, and the prodigies that had been wrought upon thee. . . . For there



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> comes a time in the history of all bureaucracies when they must inevitably parody their own functions. Look what the breakup of the big Austro-Hungarian machine did to poor Kafka, or the Russian one to Gogol. It drove them out of their cotton-picking minds, poor bastards, and now I was looking at a man [a government secret agent of the far future] who had survived an infinitely more inscrutable one until the end of his days was in sight. This indicated to me that he was slightly below average in intelligence, emotionally handicapped, insecure or morally suspect; or else he was an iron-willed masochist. For these neuter machines, combining as they do the worst of both father-image and mother-image—i.e., the security of a sterile womb and the authority of an omniscient leader—always manage to attract the nebbish. And this is why, Mother Earth, I wept inwardly for thee at that moment of the immense parade called Time: the clowns were passing, and everybody knows that inside, somewhere, their hearts are broken.

If you can identify with the hero of this book—and Zelazny will see to it that you can—you will find yourself intensely human, one of the richest men in the universe, and ultimately (perhaps or quite) a god.

SHAW'S *The Two-Timers*. Time-travel stories exist, for all their horizon-busting, in strangely narrow parameters, as do locked-room murders and three-wishes tales. One greets with real joy a new twist or a new approach to any of these, and Shaw certainly has accomplished this in a number of ways. You get this phone call one night, see, *from yourself*—from a man who is really and truly you—who informs you that you have been living for nine years with "my wife" and he is on his way out to get her.

With this efficient hook, Shaw reels you in on a most unusually braided line, and though it feathers out a bit at the very end, it contains many a vivid and unexpected thread. Most notable are the insights into the complexity of married love, the differences in both quality and degree between "Me-then" and "Me-now"—and how it is that "I" (whatever in the world that might mean) can quite understandably sacrifice anything, everything, for a woman whom "I" can't stand. It's an area too little touched upon in speculative fiction, and as this straightforward, plainspoken Irish writer handles it, it's a most mordant contemporary parable. It also contains, by the way, some admirable subsidiary characters.

RUSS'S *Picnic on Paradise*. Joanna Russ is not afraid of violence or sex or wild improbability. Neither is she afraid of tenderness or compassion or absolute tragedy. She is not afraid to feel, and this splendid book is recommended to anyone who can truly say the same about himself. If you read this vivid adventure, you will never forget Alyx—never. Scooped up by accident from four thousand years in our past, she is raked into a far future, trained, and given the assignment of leading a mixed lot of tourists across the face of a hostile planet which is suddenly under attack. No glossy heroine, she was once a Mediterranean Greek guttersnipe and is, at the time of the narrative, a kind of she-wolf with sergeant's stripes. And you'll love her. I choose the verb carefully with the wish that it had never been misused before.

COMPTON'S *Synthajoy*. I put this book down with deep regret that it was over, and with the almost irresistible desire to write a critique quite as long as the book. This is Compton's first appearance in America. It's one of those books which could not possibly have been written anywhere else but in England. The control this man has over his plot-development is of such a high order that I can readily imagine the book's use as a text in a postgraduate course in a very good writers' school—where it would, doubtless, fill the students with despair.

Almost as extreme a compliment can be paid his characterization. His use of understatement is so precise, so *right*, and his control of flashback so absolute, that one feels somewhat like the guitarist who broke his instrument over his knee the first time he heard Segovia. All of which is, I suppose, writer's cant; forget it, then, and as a reader, please accept this englamored reader's urging not to deny yourself this experience.

Few sf writers are certifiably paranoid, which is one of the great wonders of the authorial world. While the best of them open their veins into their typewriters, taking their craft and their readers seriously, they seem to be categorically disqualified from the serious attention of mainstream readers and critics—who pile plaudits and money upon mainstream writers who write mediocre sf and carefully never call it sf. Therefore one warms to the prodigious efforts made by the likes of Carr, who not only give you extraordinarily fine work at a tenth the price of the big breast-seller, but also administer shreds of hope to those magic people who have not yet lost their sense of wonder. □

Dagger in the Heart
By Mario Lazo
Funk and Wagnalls, $5.95
The Dominican Revolt
By Theodore Draper
Commentary, $5.50

INTERVENTION: PRO AND CON

FRANK J. JOHNSON

These two books should be read together, back to back. For it would be quite impossible to find a more perfect confrontation between opposing philosophies and judgments on American foreign policy in Latin America than in Mario Lazo and Theodore Draper.

Lazo, a prominent Cuban-American lawyer and diplomatic go-between, brings to bear on the Cuban tragedy an intimate personal knowledge of that country and its politics. He lived to write his book only because of a ruse, which spared him from a Castro firing squad after the Bay of Pigs. In Cuba, he says, the United States and the Cuban people lost because United States policymakers initially accepted the William Wieland-Roy Rubottom appraisal that Castro was a non-Communist social reformer and that it was in the United States' interest to side with him against the regime of Fulgencio Batista. Washington, accordingly, helped Castro to power by denying Batista the arms he had bought and paid for, by permitting arms drops to Castro from his allies in Florida, and, finally, by telling Batista that he must quit and leave the country. This was pro-Castro intervention.

When they finally became alarmed by Castro's policies and by the extension of Soviet influence on the island, American planners resolved to undo their folly. But in one of history's greatest and most dishonorable betrayals, the Cuban liberation army was abandoned to its fate on Playa Giron when the new President and his Secre-

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tary of State lost their nerve. "The political factors must govern," said an unmoved Rusk as CIA officials pleaded desperately for a restoration of the second air strike against Castro's air force. Adlai Stevenson had warned of an adverse effect on "world opinion" if the strike were carried out and this factor ultimately prevailed with John Kennedy and guaranteed failure of the whole operation. Eighteen months later, during the missile crisis the United States missed its second chance to bring down Castro and instead struck the final blow to Cuban hopes by agreeing to guarantee the island against any external attack as the price of Soviet missile withdrawal. The author rightly concludes that the over-all outcome of the crisis was a Communist and not an American victory.

Dr. Lazo writes with intimate, firsthand knowledge of all the key events and diplomatic maneuvering which preceded and followed Castro's rise to power. His accounts of the Bay of Pigs and missile crises are extremely well researched and reveal many additional facts about these episodes. Most interesting, for purposes of philosophical discussion, is Dr. Lazo's attempt to spell out *why* Cuba was lost to Communism. He places the blame essentially on modern liberal ideology. The following, he believes, are the characteristics of liberal thinking as it affects Cuban and Latin American issues:

1) "All liberals unite in the belief that their main enemy is to the Right, never to the Left."

2) "Modern liberalism always favors discussion, negotiation, and compromise as the only rational and acceptable method of settling disputes. It rejects the use of coercion and force."

3) "Liberal ideology favors 'democracy' everywhere at all times, and is unable to acknowledge the possibility that some other type of rule may be more suitable for a developing nation, unless it be some form of leftist totalitarianism."

"Any Washington policymaker," he is convinced, "who adheres to these views is not qualified to deal with Latin American affairs."

THEODORE DRAPER obviously believes the exact opposite. The reader learns at the beginning of his book, an expansion of Mr. Draper's earlier article in *Commentary* Magazine, that he does not care for the role played by the United States in the elimination of the pro-Communist Arbenz regime in Guatemala in 1954, which he calls a "minor nuisance." He repeats his simplistic view that "Batista was overthrown because the Cuban people turned against him and his own henchmen deserted him . . ." (a view strongly disputed by Lazo). And "constitutional democracy," we learn, "is not merely the only way out of periodic bloodletting and dictatorship in all its forms, it is also an end to chatteldom, a reawakening of national consciousness, a rediscovery by a people of itself, and in the case of the Dominican Republic, the very beginning of a process of political realization that should have started over a hundred years ago."

But let us concede, for purposes of discussion, the main burden of Mr. Draper's factual analysis of the Dominican events: The Dominican revolution of April 24, 1965 was not preplanned, organized, financed or directed by either Moscow, Peking, or Havana. The Communists themselves indicate that they never *succeeded* in controlling it and there is still no conclusive evidence on the public record to the contrary. The Administration's public statements *at the time of the intervention* concerning the degree to which the Communists had infiltrated or "taken over" the pro-Bosch forces were to some degree factually inaccurate in the light of later examination. The excuse that American troops were landing in Santo Domingo to protect American lives was essentially a subterfuge to conceal the real purpose, which as Senator Fulbright put it, was that of "preventing the victory of a revolutionary force which was judged to be Communist-dominated."

In Draper's opinion these facts suffice to make of the whole intervention a "moral and political disaster" and a "calamitous affair." Why? Not; surely, because of any subsequent occurrences in the Dominican Republic, which remains at this writing non-Communist and politically stable. Because, as one of the liberals that Lazo speaks about, Draper is ideologically convinced that any *anti-Communist*, right-wing, military-supported or -dominated government is inherently worse than any possible *non-Communist*, Left-oriented democracy. Since the United States did not have an airtight case which would conclusively *prove* that the Communists were about to take over the Dominican Republic we had no business intervening with the motive of anti-Communism, according to Draper.

Never mind that Draper himself reminds us of his contention that Castro was not initially a Communist and that the Cuban Communist Party did not support him before 1958. If this is true, the lesson of it seems to escape him. What matters, says Draper, is that Juan Bosch and his followers were not Communists in 1965 and that the Dominican Communist Party had only recently told its followers that "the return of Professor Bosch to the presidency of the Republic does not signify the solution of the national problems." On this basis, then, Washington should have accepted the revolt as a genuine popular movement, should have ignored any and all reports that the Communists were trying to get control, should have ignored the Cuban experience altogether, and should have unhesitatingly placed all its bets on the hope that matters would work out for the best.

But Washington, for once at least, saw it differently. Perhaps there has been some subsequent embarrassment over what was said at the time to justify the intervention. But there would have been much more embarrassment if the Communists *had* taken over, not because of anything the left-wing intellectuals would have said—for they would have declared that it was all inevitable and unimportant—but because of what the United States people as a whole would have said. They would not be pleased to see a second nation in the Caribbean area go the way of Cuba.

For the cold fact is simply this: military juntas are not democracy, but in practice they are usually no worse, and often considerably better, than the Latin American civilian politicians who, even though duly elected, turn out oftener than not to be scoundrels. At least juntas do not proclaim and act upon a total enmity toward the United States. A Communist dictatorship does. And Castro's government in Cuba has turned out to be infinitely less democratic and far more tyrannical than any other Latin American government in existence today.

If one opposes *a priori* the whole concept of armed American opposition to Communism in the Western Hemisphere, then he will probably be shocked and outraged by Mr. Draper's revelations. But if he thinks it is in the interests of the United States and of the peoples concerned to prevent other Cubas then he will feel that if some errors were made at least they were made in the right direction. □

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HOUSING

(cont. from p. 1168)

housing through their housing authorities are in a quandary over what to do about them.

In New York City, organized rent strikes have occurred in 1968 in at least two housing projects, in a protest against the alleged failure of the Housing Authority to provide adequate protection for tenants living in the government-owned buildings. The Housing Authorities have no money with which to hire special police other than the rentals paid by the tenants themselves, a source of income which, of course, is entirely cut off by a rent strike. The New York City Authority tried to explain to the tenants of Jackson Houses that it had petitioned unsuccessfully for funds from the Federal Government with which to pay for policing, and that any significant increase in police strength would mean a whopping increase in rents. Unmoved, 36 families refused to pay rent. The Authority brought them to court in a dispossess proceeding, which it finally won, although the judge, in a written opinion, emphasized his "deep sympathy" with the tenants, and gave them ten days within which to pay their rents. The Authority was denied any judgment for costs or disbursements.

A more complicated and ominous series of rent strikes has been taking place in the public housing projects of New Rochelle, New York. The tenants of three projects in that city began to withhold their rents during the winter and early spring of 1968, until 180 of 525 tenants were no longer paying rents. The New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal has suggested that the New Rochelle Housing Authority had made some management errors, which helped to provoke resentment among tenants, but the demands presented by the tenants during the strike had very little to do with management techniques and policies. They were directed rather against elements in the State Public Housing Law. The tenants demanded representation on the Board of the Authority (a demand which the City Attorney has characterized as an illegal conflict of interest), and an end to penalty assessments against tenants late in making rent payments. They also demanded a stop to the eviction of over-income tenants, another requirement of state law. Notwithstanding the questionable legality of its action, the Housing Au-

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thority settled the rent strike by accepting these and other demands. However, the capitulation turns out to have been more or less meaningless, because of the City Attorney's ruling that tenants cannot serve on Housing Authority Boards. The removal of the lateness assessments has been followed by a spectacular (150 per cent) increase in the number of rents paid after the fifth of the month. Ultimately, irritated because the tenant representatives were not allowed to sit on the Authority Board, and claiming bad faith although the City is making an effort to change the law so that their service would be legal, tenants in public housing in New Rochelle are once again on a rent strike.

The world will not be finally ruined by these rent strikes, nor saved if the strikes are settled, but the continuing problems throw light on a basic, perhaps an essential contradiction in the liberal philosophy of the mid-twentieth century. The liberal establishes his theory of government on the idea that the welfare of men and women constitutes government's prime responsibility: that government must respond to human need. If no privately-owned institution adequately serves that need, the liberal urges government to pass beyond simply controlling the private sector, and to become engaged in producing the goods that people should have but can't otherwise afford. When, to achieve liberal objectives, the government becomes an economic producer, it must behave as cruelly as any other; it must insist on getting its bills paid for example, and be lamentably fastidious in insisting that its suppliers and customers live up to the terms of their contracts even if innocent citizens are wounded in the process. Conservative political theory has its own contradiction, but a liberal government has the bitter choice of continuing its liberal philosophy and remaining an inefficient producer, or of gaining efficiency at the expense of liberality, as we have defined it. The problems New York City faces in its own subsidized rentals indicate that this liberal government has not yet chosen which path to follow; as the economic scope of government broadens, the need to make this choice becomes increasingly imperative. Taking a quick look at Russia, one concludes that the broader the economic areas into which a government enters, the more surely it must favor the needs of production over the defense of the freedoms of the consumer. □

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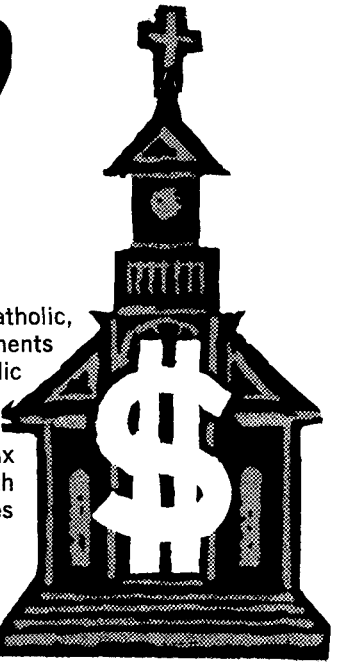

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DELECTATIONS

London on the Potomac

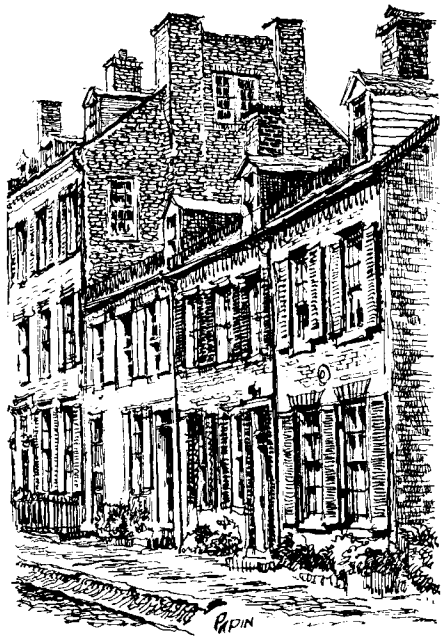
ALEC WAUGH

WHEN I arranged to spend the summer doing research in the Library of Congress, most of my friends judged me certifiable. "Washington in July and August, the humidity, the heat; that's the last place, surely, anyone would choose to be then." And indeed, on many mornings when, for the sake of exercise, I walked up Constitution Avenue, I wondered why on earth I, who have the good fortune to carry my office around with me, had not had the gumption to fix my schedule so that I did my research in the spring and autumn, and during the summer worked on a manuscript in some "quiet café restaurant in the sun." But free though a free-lance writer is, his plans cannot always conform to his convenience. And anyhow, I was not staying in Washington itself, but in Old Town, Alexandria, which is different.

"Unique" is an overused adjective. But it has to be applied to Old Alexandria. It was founded in 1749 by act of the Virginia General Assembly as a town that would be "commodious for trade and navigation and tend greatly to the best advantage of frontier inhabitants." The Fairfax County surveyor was helped in the drawing of its first map by his seventeen-year-old apprentice, George Washington, and the town today is very much as it was planned by that young apprentice.

In the hallway of that agreeable hostelry, The Seaport Inn, there is a reproduction of a picture of Alexandria painted during the Civil War. It might have been done yesterday. The same straight streets run northwards from the river, with the same straight streets cutting across them at right angles. The houses are unchanged: two- or three-storied, rectangular; some are wooden, but most of them are built of dark red-brown brick. Several have white porticos. Heavy doors are decorated with brass knockers. Between many of the houses there are narrow alleys, at the end of which you will see walled gardens. Everything is very tidy. There is a tree every fifteen yards or so. The streets bear English names: King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Duke, Pitt, Wolfe, Wilkes (how did that scamp come to have a street named after him?). Many of the sidewalks are paved with bricks; the last block of Prince Street, known as Captain's Row because it was the home of many sea captains, is still cobbled.

The caprice of history has been kind to Alexandria. Had it developed as a port, its waterfront would have been crowded with warehouses and railroad tracks; but because it has remained a minor port it has been spared the challenge of urban renewal which is inflicted upon most areas that lie close to capitals. How lucky Alexandria has been can be recognized by seeing what has happened less than a mile to the west on the other side of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, along the Jefferson Davis Highway. On both sides there is a proliferation of everything that is necessary to and unpleasant about progress—motels, factories, chimney stacks, garages, pizza joints, high concrete barracks, a litter of ugliness and confusion, a jungle of intertwining



highroads. Old Alexandria has been very lucky.

This was not by any means the first time that I had been to Alexandria. I have the good luck to have a number of good friends there. But those visits had been short and I had put up in a hotel. This time I stayed three months and rented what is here called a "carriage house," and in London a "mews studio." It was once, I suppose, a barn for hay and harness, where the grooms slept possibly. You get quite a different view of a town when you do your own marketing instead of ringing up room service, and take your own letters to the post office and your own shirts to the laundry instead of handing them to the hall porter. I knew when I signed that lease that by the time it expired in October I should have acquired an entirely new insight into Alexandria. I suspected that I was on the brink of a new experience, but that experience, when it came, was altogether different from what I had expected.

DURING that "long hot summer"—and oh, how hot it was—I found myself enchantingly transported to the London of the early Twenties. As I walked back at night under the trees, past those Georgian houses, and saw behind half-drawn curtains bright interiors of bookshelves, pictures, mirrors and polished furniture—the proof that quiet cultured people were leading their quiet cultured lives—I remembered how more than forty years ago in London I had walked past just such houses to the tube or bus or taxi that would take me home. London is not like that any more, and in the city of my birth I find myself looking for pockets of resistance in this club, that restaurant, and the other *cul de sac*. But here, in this city that was built by Englishmen who, as Alice Duer Miller pointed out in *The White Cliffs of Dover*, were never more English than when they refused to be pushed around by Englishmen, I found myself in the London of Aldous Huxley, Michael Arlen, John Galsworthy and my brother's early novels.

And I thought, sauntering back to my carriage house, that those young Americans, steeped in the novels of the Twenties, who are now searching in vain in Mayfair, Bloomsbury, Chelsea for the haunts of their heroines and heroes, might do worse than look for the ghosts of Irene Forsyte, Iris Storm, Myra Viveash, Margot Metroland, here on the banks of the Potomac. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

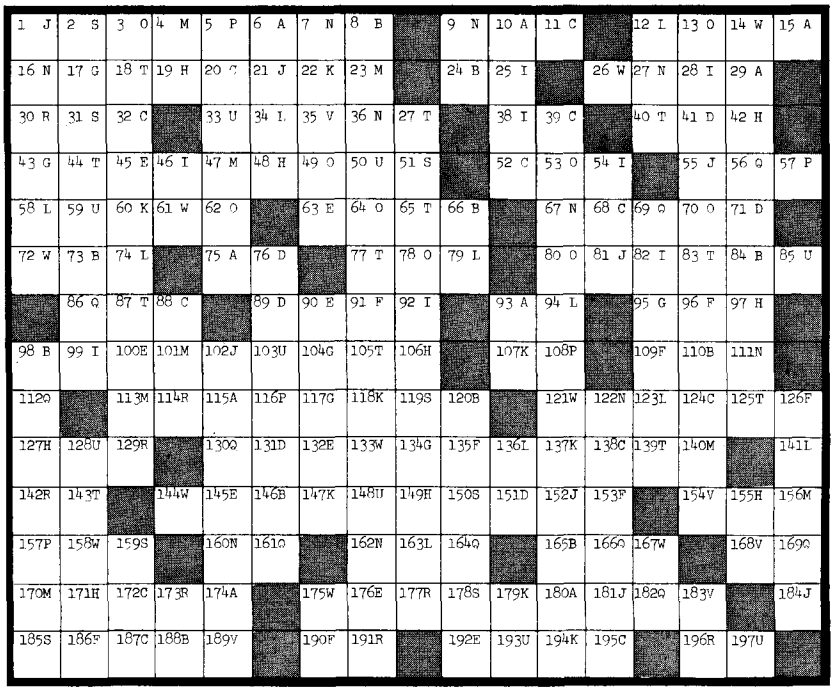
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A quality, character, characteristic, or property	10 29 174 6 75 93 115 180 15
B. What the Humphrey record is	84 73 165 188 98 66 110 8 24 146 120
C. What a President should not be; unrestrained or irresponsible in speech	20 32 68 88 39 52 124 138 172 187 195 11
D. Arrival	41 71 89 131 151 76
E. The ninth month, early Roman calendar	45 145 192 90 176 63 100 132
F. A kind of bag, usually of rubber	96 186 91 109 126 190 153 135
G. A seaport in Belgium	134 17 95 104 117 43
H. What many of Humphrey's words should have been	171 48 19 106 127 97 149 155 42
I. Instrument on which footnotes can be played	28 38 46 54 82 92 99 25
J. Having a secondary velar articulation	184 55 81 1 181 21 102 152
K. One who votes for treaties	60 137 194 107 147 118 22 179
L. The superintendent of all or part of a railroad enclosure	94 58 74 79 136 163 12 141 34 123
M. Merely thought to be such	101 47 4 156 170 113 140 23

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Butcher with whom Humphrey argued for over eight hours	36 9 16 27 111 162 122 160 7 67
O. A mammal believed by the ancient Egyptians to devour crocodiles' eggs	64 49 53 62 70 80 3 13 78
P. Something put on a gun to keep score	116 157 108 57 5
Q. An instrument that records and reproduces spoken words	164 86 56 69 112 130 169 166 182 161
R. The bringing together of shares or properties in order to divide them equally	142 191 30 129 173 177 196 114
S. Not customary, habitual, or usual; rare	2 185 31 178 119 159 150 51
T. A statement of a business' financial position	125 18 65 77 105 139 143 37 40 44 83 87
U. Soft feathers from the breasts of certain female ducks	148 128 85 50 59 103 193 33 197
V. John C. Calhoun's successor as United States senator	154 189 35 168 183
W. Although it sounds like a spread, it's a tie-up	167 158 121 72 133 175 144 26 61 14

See page 1184 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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CRUSADE

(cont. from p. 1169)

spectable. The twenty or so lecturers at the London School of Economics, for example, who supported the seizure of the building ought surely to have been sacked next day. They have no business teaching the young. They are dangerous.

The Home Secretary's decision to allow the march was, in the event, justified; an illegal riot would have been more impressive, and more exciting for the participants, than this uncontested Sunday afternoon walk. I nevertheless resented—and so, I'm sure, did a lot of other people—the spectacle of my own city forced to batten down its hatches for fear of such a rabble. I thought how nice it would be, how much cleaner Britain would be afterwards, if some great scoop could have come down and spooned up the whole procession of them, and dropped them in the English Channel or, better still, in the middle of Eastern Europe.

If they really are typical of today's youth, then the outlook is grim indeed. But the total effect of the Day, of the revolution that wasn't, is to suggest, more strongly than before, that they are not. □

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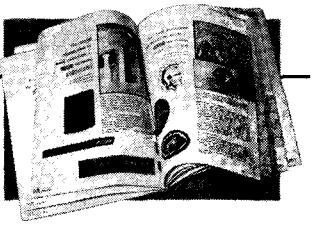

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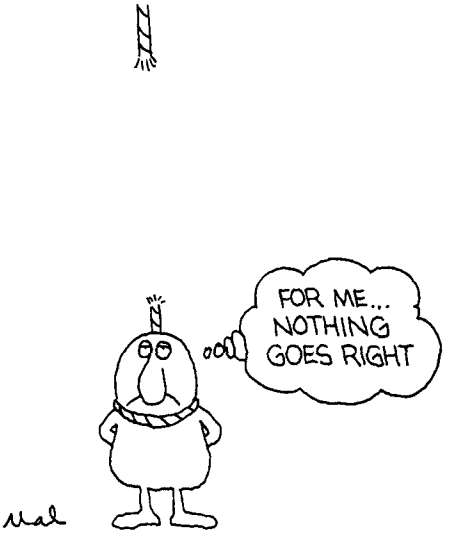
FOR THE RECORD

■ A few sidebars on the election. **Campaign '68** cost (on all levels, federal, state, local) upward of $250 million, of which about one-fifth was spent in the Presidential race, including all the primaries. . . . At last moment, the big money rolled out for **Humphrey**. In his report to the Clerk of the House he listed eighteen men who contributed $180,000 each. In that league, **Henry Ford II**, who has made his conversion from Republican to Democrat firm this year, was a piker: he's listed for mere $30,000. . . . Closeness of election shows how smart Republicans were to hire **Lou Nichols**, former chief aid to **J. Edgar Hoover**, to head 20,000-man staff of experienced poll watchers. According to Nichols, they concentrated on "soft" spots in Texas, St. Louis, East St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newark and Jersey City. . . . Where their hearts really lay: in **Jacob Javits'** triumphant headquarters in New York election night, Javits followers cheered whenever the boards showed Humphrey gaining, booed when Nixon did best. . . . Telstar pictures of **GIs in Vietnam** watching the returns showed the reverse: cheers for Nixon, boos for Humphrey, which could mean considerably higher Nixon plurality when the million-plus absentee ballots from servicemen are toted up. . . . Could have done without: Humphrey's last-minute endorsement by **Adam Clayton Powell Jr.**, who won his race—without much campaigning—and **James Farmer** (ex CORE) who ran as Republican in new Brooklyn congressional district, and lost. . . . Move by many on Left to have **Negroes** boycott the election as a protest fizzled: mostly because there were 250 Negro candidates running in the South, the biggest number ever.

■ Sen. **Joseph Clark** of Pennsylvania, whose defeat was major blow to Democratic liberals, explained just before election day why he was running so hard: "I'm an arrogant snob, Ivy League type, with no common touch," he said. . . . **Worker** came up with amusing montage of campaign posters photographed at various rallies: "Nixon's the One, and Agnew's Another." "Wallace, the Fascist Gun in the Land." "Do It Like You Did in '60, Dick" (he almost did) and "Forget the Bomb, Drop LeMay."

■ Russians turning the screws tighter: now they've refused to give poet **Andrei Voznesensky,** an occasional critic of the regime, a visa to attend a conference in Norway. . . . Of the 15,000 **Jews in Czechoslovakia** on August 20, 4,000 are reported to have left: Soviet criticism of Czech leadership has



been antisemitic in tone. Nearly 1,700 Czechs have applied for asylum in Switzerland since the invasion, another 6,000 are just staying on. . . . Liberal dreamboat **Juan Bosch** wrote in a Spanish newspaper that he intends to return to the Dominican Republic within six months and "fight for the establishment in my country of a dictatorship supported by the people, because the democratic representation system is inadequate for the underdeveloped conditions there." (Comments from **Theodore Draper** would be welcome.) . . . Venezuela, which kept former dictator **Perez Jiménéz** in jail for five years while trying him for embezzlement, convicted him and released him in August, will let him return to run for Senate in Dec. 1 election.

■ Lingerie Dept: Over one thousand infuriated **Bryn Mawr** alumnae signed an advertisement in the *New York Times* informing Uncle Lyndon that the Vietnam war is one which "we cannot win politically or militarily." How about an intellectual victory? . . . Madame **Charlene Mitchell**, Negro Presidential candidate of the American Communist Party, told a Fisk University audience that the point of her campaign was not to gain votes but to organize the Party (Surprise!).

■ **Fidel Castro** cracking down hard on Cuban youth who have taken to burning the Cuban flag, tearing down posters of **Che Guevara**, and vandalizing schools. . . . And speaking of schools, the Red-Is-Beautiful *Guardian* reports that one-eighth of the freshman class at **Princeton** have become members of the **SDS**. . . . **Prince Sihanouk** of Cambodia believes that "if the United States withdraws completely the small nations of Southeast Asia will be Maoized. The weight of China will be too heavy for them to bear."

■ Comment in Letter column of *N.Y. Daily News* after weeks of strikes and slowdowns by civil servants: "Do they call New York Fun City because it's a riot?"

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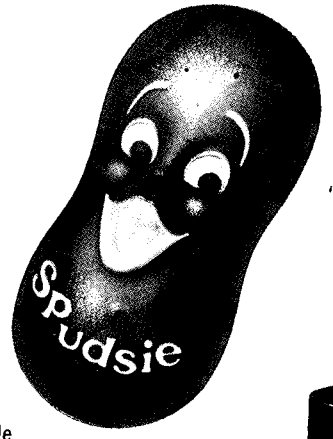

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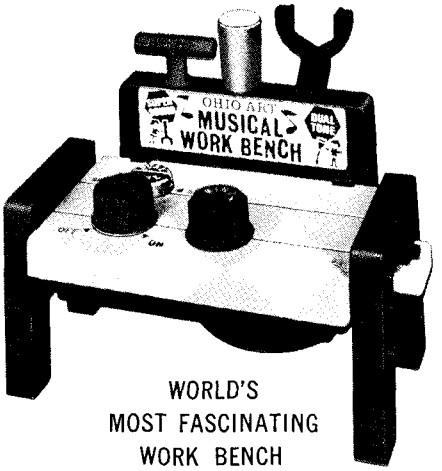

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